McKean County Miner.

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YOUNG LADY PAINFULLY CUT YESTERDAY.

Miss Hazel Colegrove Has Arm Badly Lacerated on Grindstone.

WILL BE LAID UP FOR SOME TIME.

She Was Working in the Cut Glass Factory.—Accident Happened Shortly After Noon.—So Quick She Did Not Realize It.

Miss Hazel Colegrove, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Colegrove, met with a painful and quite serious accident at the cut glass factory yesterday afternoon which will probably lay the young lady up for some time.

She is employed in this factory and was grinding a piece of glass on one of the grindstones. She turned to lay down the article on which she had been working and in some way her right elbow came in contact with the swiftly revolving stone and, before she could draw her arm away it had furrowed a deep wound about two inches in length over the joint.

The friction so benumbed her arm that it was some time before she realized that she had more than bumped her elbow and the first intimation she had of the cut was when she saw blood streaming down her arm.

She was taken to Dr. Currie's office where her wound was dressed, and from there to her home on Given street where she will be confined for a week at least. Such is the nature of the wound that she will be obliged to keep her arm perfectly straight until it is healed.

Miss Colegrove has many friends here who will sympathize with her in her misfortune and wish her a speedy recovery.

Fire at Port Allegany.

Fire that started in Ives & Murphy's moving picture show and roller skating rink in the opera house in Port Allegany last night, destroyed the building and the one next to it occupied by Charles A. Dolley and a number of lodges. Both buildings were two story frame structures. The fire started at 10:40 o'clock and was not under control until 3 o'clock this morning. The weather was cold but the brave boys of Star Hose No. 1 were not afraid of zero weather when there was a fire to combat and they stuck to their post, and it is said, did good work in saving other property from destruction.

Ives & Murphy had ended their moving picture show and had cleared the floor for roller skating. The skating was going on when the fire broke out but the skaters left the the building in good order. The building was owned by Dolley and Lillibridge and cost $7,000 to build 20 years ago. Mr. Dolley owned the other burned building and it was occupied by him with a store on the first floor and by the Odd Fellows, Knights and Ladies of the Maccabees on the second. The three lodges named lost all their effects including books and records. The total loss on buildings and contents was $14,000. Carr Bros. of Bradford lost a dynamo, engine and some electrical supplies, which were insured. Tuesday's Bradford Star.

Mail Order Business in a Nutshell.

Much has been written about the subtle influence of the big four pound catalogues sent broadcast over the land by the houses located in the big cities, which, strange to say, refuse to sell goods to the residents of the cities in which they are located, says the Eldora (Ia.) Herald.

"There is no mysterious element in these bulky paper books," writes D. M. Carr, in the Dwight (Ill.) Herald. "From cover to cover they are filled with pictures and prices and description of goods. The power of printer's ink is the only magnet, and this magnet can be used by the merchants everywhere. The publishers by these great catalogues do business running quite well up towards fifty millions yearly. All their success has been in the ink they use and the way they use it.

Because these concerns receive patronage that should go to the home merchant is the home merchant's fault. Mr. Carr argues. The home merchant neglects to do just what the houses which publish the big catalogues do. He may not have the money to get out a grand list, neither the means of carrying great stocks of goods. Yet he possesses all the means necessary to gain the trade that goes to these great concerns. He can buy goods just as low, has less expense, and, while the big catalogue goes to a customer only once a year or two, through the medium of the local press, newspaper, the merchant can go to all the people of the community once a week and at the lowest expense.

(Give the MINER Job Printing Department a trial.

Death of an Estimable Woman.

After an illness of nearly a year and a half, Mrs. Amelia Martin Digel passed away Saturday afternoon, Jan. 9, 1909, at three-thirty-five, from paralysis.

Amelia Martin was born October 10th, 1850, on what was then a part of the Old Bunker Hill farm, and was the youngest daughter of Adam and Wilhelmina Martin who came from Bavaria. On July 29, 1869, she was united in marriage with John Digel, from Wertenberg, Germany. Eight children were born to them, five of whom survived, namely: William, Victor, Leo, Mrs. Fenton Whelan and John, and she also has one brother, Adam Martin, who lives in Glendora, California.

Mr. Digel died in January, 1885, leaving his wife with a family of five little ones to care for, which task she performed like a heroine, keeping her children all at home until they were old enough to care for themselves.

In all her illness she was ever patient and never complained of an ache or pain. Her demise is a sad blow to her children and also to numerous other relatives and friends. Mrs. Digel was a devout member of the Baptist church and lived the life of a true Christian. Her greatest pleasure seemed to be in making those around her happy and she was always willing to assist a friend or neighbor in distress. Although her duties of keeping her larger family together and properly providing for them while they were young were extremely arduous she was always contented and happy in her work and her pleasant face will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

The services were held from her late home Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Turner of the Baptist church officiating, and the remains were laid at rest beside those of her husband in Rose Hill.

Howell-Keith Stock Co.

The Howell-Keith Stock Co. which has been entertaining fair sized audiences at the Lyceum so far this week is composed of unusually good artists for a repertoir company and they have been giving their patrons more than they usually get for their money in the theatrical line.

On Monday this company presented "A True American Heart" which is a stirring Spanish war drama. On Tuesday, "The Day of Judgment" was given and last night produced "Du Barry." All these were well handled and many who attended these performances were happily surprised.

Between the acts pleasing specialties are presented, among which is the electric skirt dances, the work of the handcuff king and the up-side-down pianist. Miss Sylvin who does the dance is considerably handicapped owing to the lack of electric lights, but this does not alter the fact that she is clever. Kenneth, the handcuff king, defies anyone to bring handcuffs, shackles, straight jackets or any box that will hold him, and he has made good thus far in spite of the fact that the best implements of this kind in the county have been tried on him. Prescott, the up-side-down pianist, is exceptionally good on the piano, making many fine imitations of other musical instruments and standing on his head and playing the piano.

To-night the bill will be "The Cowboy's Girl," to-morrow night, "Slaves of the Orient," and Saturday night, "Coast of New England," and the MINER has no hesitency in advising its readers to attend these performances. We do not want you to believe that you will see a dollar and a half show for the twenty cents, which is the price of admission, but we do think you will consider these performances well worth the price charged.

Strange Story of a Murder.

A dispatch from York, Pa., dated Jan. 12, says: Miss Lorena Tawser, a girl about 18 years old, told a thrilling story here to-day to District Attorney W. L. Ammon.

The story, if true, will place Harry Koener, the son of a rich farmer of North Codorus township, on the gallows. Miss Tawser was employed in his home. She said: Late at night, July 21st, there was a rap at the door, Koener opened the door and saw a stranger standing on the porch. He asked Harry to let him sleep in the barn. Harry said: 'Wait until I get my pistol, I'll show you the ——.'

She heard several shots; went downstairs and saw the prostrate form of a man on the porch.

"Koener fired three shots; two in the head and one through the heart. I heard the man say: 'For God's sake, have mercy on me.' I saw him gasp and open his eyes.

"Koener took his hat and coat off and burned them in the stove. He then loaded up the body in a wagon and hauled it some distance from the house, dug a hole and dropped the body in. He then sodded it over. In order to hide the blood marks, he painted the porch, the wagon and the stones."

Koener was placed under arrest last night. He will be held pending the search which is going on at the Koener farm.

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Don't Shoot John Mundy.

The following in the way of a warning is given out by the Coudersport Democrat:

Years and years ago when the writer was a small boy he wanted a flying machine. He used all his spare moments in efforts to invent one. He succeeded in making a pair of large "wings" which he attached to his arm, and was able to float a few feet when he jumped from a shed. He then made a trial from the roof of a small barn. His descent was so rapid the "wings" closed together over his head and he shot to the ground, nearly breaking his back. That was the end of his experiments in that line, but the desire for a flying machine has never left him, and a machine made by a Franklin concern to sell at $18 has "filled him with hope" for in the far away future he may possess that amount of real money, and when he does, he is going to purchase one of those machines. He desires to give warning to such marksmen as Dr. Orwan of Austin, W. L. McCloskey of Costello, Fred Andrus of Cross Fork, Phillip Meine of Galeton, Dr. Meine of Germania, Fred Corran of Genesee, P. L. Cliff of Oswayo, Lester Stevens, of Harrison Valley, Joe Eberly of Westfield, Mart Nelson of Ulysses, A. M. Fessenden of Roulette, Will Holt of Mina, C. L. Burt of Burtville, H. H. Hill of Ellisburg, L. S. Esway of Raymond, Editor Orser of Elkland, Editor Conevery of Wellsboro, Editor Ralph of Corning, Editor Lindsley of Smethport, Editor Dennison of Bradford, Editor Backus of Smethport, Editor Laymon of Port Allegany, Editor McFall of Eldred, Editor Snell of Oil City and Editor Gosling of Kane not to shoot if they should happen to see a large "bird" soaring above their range—for it will be "us."

Relative to the recently manufactured machine the Franklin News says: The Oil City Flying Machine Company announces in an advertisement in this issue a new style individual flying machine which can be bought for only eighteen dollars. It is, of course, of the alcohol compressed air type and will run four hours after being prepared for the trip. This is enough for journeys within a hundred miles or so, with a good margain for accidents and delays, and we predict that the machine will soon be popular.

Tribute to his Memory.

Homer Howe, who died Dec. 17, 1907, was born in Tioga county, Pa., in 1826. His father Asa Howe and his mother, Mehitabel, nee Hardings Howe remained in this county while he came—what was then called West, to McKean county.

He married Mary E. Bush and settled on the place now owned by John Baker. To them were born seven children, five of whom survive him.

About the year 1860 he purchased a farm at Perce Brook. Directly after this, he, with his father and several other friends, were led to investigate the Seventh-day Sabbath question, and after reading the writings of J. N. Andrews, James White and wife, and a careful study of the scriptures they felt it was obligatory to them to observe the Seventh day of the week as the Lord's Sabbath. Later, in order that his children might have the advantage of schools, and Sabbath meetings, he removed to Deer Creek, N. Y. Reading of the Scripture and family worship was ever after maintained in the family, and those who united with them will ever remember the songs the prayers and the sweet spirit of worship that prevaded the home.

Not being physically strong, he studied up the health reform, and discarded meats, tea, coffee, condements, from his diet for over forty years. Although it was predicted by his meat-eating neighbors that he would starve to death, yet he retained his usual health and vigor, excepting accidental injuries, and the natural decline of old age. His hair was but slightly gray and the look of his face would indicate sixty instead of eighty-two.

The last three weeks of his life he had pneumonia but was in bed but four days. On his death bed he was heard to sing a few words of praise and thanksgiving. It was said by one who looked on his face, "Surely a good man has fallen at his post without a murmur and let me die the death of he who sleeps in Jesus, againting the morning of the resurrection. L. B.

Always have Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup handy, especially for the children. It tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It cures the cold by gently moving the bowels through its laxative principle, and at the same time it is soothing for throat irritation, thereby stopping the cough. There is nothing as good. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; F. H. Reed, Clermont.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Horses for Sale.

10 horses for side drivers and workers. Inquire of S. F. Edwards at the fair grounds or of A. T. Palmer at Palmer's Livery, 201 Water street, Smethport.

SENATE AND CONGRESS ARE AFTER TEDDY.

But Are Not Very Successful in Bagging Him.

THEY DON'T DELIVER THE GOODS.

Senators Tillman, Foraker and Bacon Take Turns at Flaying Him, but Their Efforts Don't Make a Hit with the People.—Teddy Still a Favorite.

On Monday and Tuesday Senators Tillman and Foraker, according to program, made replies to some of the charges made by President Roosevelt, and the galleries of the senate chamber were crowded to hear what these orators had to say, but according to the press dispatches they were not able to refute the charges made by the President. Here are some of the comments on the Tillman speech:

"Instead of the fiery outbursts that have characterized his former utterances upon the floor, the Senator read deliberately from printed manuscript. His eyes were diverted from the type only when he indulged in expletives concerning the integrity and the honor of the President. At such times the former Tillman showed himself; he himself thunderously and explosively he heard. But for the main part of the hour in which he talked his gesticulations, his voice and his manner were without spectacular effect.

"It was not so much the lack of brimstone, though that made the failure plain. Even Tillman might be expected to be deliberate and grave, judicial and freed from passion upon such an august occasion as this. The time, the place and the circumstances all demanded these.

"What struck almost everyone present as the South Carolinian proceeded with his defense, was its lack of the true ring. Sincerity was lacking. The Senator continued to be disingenuous. And the verdict when he had concluded was that Senator Tillman's explanation had not explained.

"In no wise did he deny that he had made application for the purchase of lands in Oregon held by Edward H. Harriman's railroad, nor that he had sought to have the government compel Mr. Harriman to permit citizens, himself among them, to purchase quarter sections at the rate of $2.50 per acre as stipulated in the agreement with the general land office when the grants were originally made.

"Neither did the Senator refute or attempt to refute the accusation made by the President that four days after he had made applications for quarter sections for himself, his secretary, Mr. Knight, and seven members of his immediate family, he had dramatically exclaimed in the Senate that he had never bought an acre of the land nor had he undertaken to buy.

"Senator Tillman is a broken man. He is crushed beneath the burden that the President has cast upon his shoulders. His spirit is gone. It was only at intervals that those present had a fleeting glimpse of the former masterful Tillman. Once or twice the familiar thunder rolled from his lips—the old time fire flashed from his eyes. At such times, in the glare as it were, there was seen a vision of the Tillman of old. Once only was he altogether his former self and that was when, telling the Senate that he had been requested by hundreds to say a word about Roosevelt in addition to answering his charges, Tillman thrust his chin forward and striking the air with clinched fist cried:

"'At a later date I will address myself to the President of the United States and I will bring Theodore Roosevelt face to face with himself.'

"He may; and he may not.

"The Senator read his address with his physician seated immediately behind. The chief burden of the speech was that President Roosevelt had been prompted by motives of pique and vengence in bringing the charges against him."

Senator Foraker spoke on the Brownsville affair and by insinuation and by charges direct, accused the President of medacity, of usurping the powers conferred on him by the constitution, of violating laws statutory and organic, of appropriating and paying out moneys for secret service men when such acts were contrary to law. Senator Lodge briefly replied to Foraker's arraignment of the President.

Senator Bacon had the floor for three hours yesterday during which time he criticised the President on many of his actions, but it seems to be the general opinion that the President is right regardless of the efforts made to discredit him and that when it is all over he will be on top in this scrimmage which is creating so much interest all over the world.

History and Constitution of the McKean County High School Literary League.

HISTORY.

In the month of September in the year 1905 there went forth from the office of the County Superintendent of McKean County to the several high school principals of the county, a circular in which was outlined a plan for a contest to be held at Smethport in connection with the County Institute of that year. To the enthusiastic response to that call is due the origin and success of the McKean County High School Literary League.

In the first meet, which was held on Oct. 10, 1905, Kane, Port Allegany, Smethport, Mt. Jewett and Eldred high schools were represented in reading and debate. Cash prizes were given for the best, second best and third best individual efforts. They won as follows: Debate—Kane, Eldred, Port Allegany; Reading—Kane, Port Allegany and Mt. Jewett. Prior to the contest of 1906, which was planned and carried out the same as the one of the preceding year, each principal received a draft for a constitution along the lines of the present organization. A preliminary meeting of principals was held on the day of the contest (Oct. 27, 1906) in which it was decided to re-organize according to the plan suggested; and the provisions for ranking the schools on the results of the evening as a basis for the next series, were agreed to.

Only first prizes were offered that year, a watch fob for the debate, and a signet ring for the reading. The former went to Eldred, and the latter to Mt. Jewett. By adding together the marks given by the three judges to the two contestants from each town, the ranks of the several schools was determined as follows: Mt. Jewett, Smethport, Eldred, Port Allegany, Derrick City, Kane.

At a subsequent meeting, held the same week the details of the new plan were worked out after much discussion and numerous compromises, and a constitution in substantially the present form was the result. In this meeting, Kane was represented by Supt. T. T. Lytle and Principal John A. Young; Port Allegany by Principal Howard M. Wilson; Smethport, Principal Treoy T. Allen; Mt. Jewett by Principal H. W. Whillier; Eldred by Principal Charles W. Lillibridge; Derrick City by Principal W. Howard Ramsey. Co. Supt. B. S. Bayle pledged himself to raise money for a $100 cup.

The following subscriptions of five dollars were received from twenty-one citizens of the county, and invested in a beautiful cup and case.—These citizens are: M. J. Gallup, Geo. V. Thompson, Otus Lunden, A. Mellandor, of Mt. Jewett; R. W. Hilton, D. O. Young, Jas. A. McKean, Henry Hamlin, Fred D. Gallup, of Smethport; A. E. Sloan, J. R. Haughney, M. J. Macken, W. F. Barr, of Eldred; O. W. Catlin, Joseph M. Butler, Samuel W. Smith, H. R. Hilton, of Port Allegany; B. N. McCoy, M. J. Sweeney, J. E. Mullin, Mrs. E. D. Kane, of Kane.

In the series of 1906-7 the contest for fifth place between Derrick City and Kane was forfeited to Derrick City owing to a misunderstanding of dates; Derrick City lost to Port Allegany; Port Allegany lost to Eldred; Eldred lost to Smethport. In the final contest at Institute, Oct. 31, 1907, Smethport won from Mt. Jewett and became the custodians of the cup.

In the series of 1907-8, Derrick City waived its right to contest and Kane won in succession from Port Allegany, Eldred and Mt. Jewett. In the final contest for this series Kane took the cup from Smethport, Oct. 27, 1908.

The series of 1908-9 starts with seven schools, Hazelhurst being admitted to the League.

This, in brief, is the history of an organization which has already done much towards strengthening the English work in the high schools of the county, and whose outlook for future prosperity and usefulness is very encouraging.

CONSTITUTION.

NOTE—That part of the constitution in parenthesis ceases to be effective after the 1908-09 series. That part in black faces becomes effective beginning with the 1909-10 series.

ARTICLE I.

Name.—This League shall be known as the McKean County High School Literary League.

ARTICLE II.

Object.—Its object shall be the development of the students along literary lines, the fostering of a school spirit, and the encouragement of competition among the high schools of this county.

ARTICLE III.

Members.—The members of this League shall be the high schools of McKean County, each of which shall be represented by its principal or superintendent.

ARTICLE IV.

Officers.—1. The officers shall be president, secretary and treasurer.

2. The County Superintendent shall be

(Continued on page five.)

Roosevelt vs. Congress.

Our Washington correspondent has the following to say in relation to the merry war that is now on between President Roosevelt and both houses of Congress:

The House of Representatives has got-ten back at the President and in mild language heaped coals of fire on his head for his strictures immoderate and insulting language of his annual message to Congress and for what the House calls "the evasiveness and irresponsiveness of what they hoped would be an apology or at least an explanation. The fact is that the President in "purging himself of contempt" as the saying was if anything more contemptuous than in the original dose. There is talk apparently serious of impeachment. Andrew Johnson the only precedent in American history. But the two are utterly without parallelism. Roosevelt is still the most popular man in the United States and probably more lar to-day on account of this very incident than he was eight months ago when it took an iterated and reiterated announcement every morning for breakfast to prevent the country from nominating him by force for a third term. The President has not used the Secret service money for the detection of the bigotings and outcomings of Senators and Members of Congress, but, as is well known, he has been after undesirable citizens whether they were railroad presidents, trust magnates, or labor union boycotters and assassins. It was through the activity of one of the departments under him that the land frauds of Senator Mitchell of Oregon were discovered and that Mitchell was tried and condemned. The detective bureau received no instructions to shadow Tillman of South Carolina and he was not shadowed by Government detectives of the detective bureau but certain information regarding his alleged speculation in Oregon land frauds were brought to the attention of the President through Government ~~postoffice~~ inspectors and at the request of Senator Hale of Maine. The information regarding Senator Tillman was sent direct to him. The President and Senator Tillman have not for long time been on speaking terms and the senator has improved every opportunity both in and out of the Senate to denounce and characterize Mr. Roosevelt in language that was nearer Billingsgate than parliamentary.

The antipathy, or I might say, enmity between the men has become historic. It began two or three years ago when after a fist fight on the Senate floor with Senator McLaurin, the President failed to invite Senator Tillman to a White House reception to which all of the other Senators and members were invited. Senator Tillman is a man of un-cultivated ability, and he is well posted in national affairs and especially in the affairs of the Senate committees to which he is assigned. He is however, rough, uncouth, and not precisely a representative of that legendary flower of chivalry, a Southern gentleman. The present administration, as is well known has been after rascals, undesirable citizens and whether they were railroad presidents, senators or jail birds, it has been the effort to hunt them down. The fate of Senator Mitchell of Oregon in the land fraud cases is fresh in the memory of every reader. There was no reason why the administration should not make an effort to investigate the alleged relations of Tillman, or any other Senator. Of course he has denied any connection with the Oregon land frauds. Senator Mitchell also denied on the floor of the senate, with tears and with vociferous assertions of innocence, Senator Mitchell was condemned.

Barely fifty more days of President Roosevelt's term remains, and there is every appearance that these remaining days will be as strenuous as the President could desire, and it may be doubted if he will find among the wild beasts of Africa game or entertainment than the House and Senate are disposed to give him before the fourth of March. To the student of current history as spread before the world in the press, the situation is entertaining and edifying. Only a few months ago it was necessary for the President to iterate and re-iterate his declaration made on the evening of his election that he would not under any consideration, have a third term. The people were determined to nominate him and it was with considerable reluctance that they named the man of his choice, but having named him, elected him with a great majority, mainly, or in great part at least, because he represented Roosevelt and the Roosevelt policies. Now the newspaper head lines have the startling word "impeachment" and this procedure is actually discussed in Congress. Is Theodore Roosevelt less popular now than he was before the presidential nominating convention assembled at Chicago? Certainly not. It is probable that he is more firmly entrenched in the confidence and admiration of the people than he was then, and among other reasons, because he has expressed his mind to Congress and told the naked truth.

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Down the River.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

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Ralph Curtis, sitting at the telephone, smiled as he listened to the words coming to him through the receiver.

"I'm angry—very, very angry," said a voice—a sweet, womanly, young voice. "You never should have allowed your cattle to trespass on my grounds. I don't think I shall ever speak to you again."

"But it really wasn't my fault, Clare," cried Ralph. "How was I to know that my cattle were trespassing? All my men have been busy during the day, trying to save things from this high water. I'm sure, dear, that if I'd known what the beasts were doing I'd have shot them."

"Too late," came the answer in rather cold tones. "My garden is utterly ruined and guests coming tomorrow.

GRADUALLY THEY CAME INTO SHALLOWER WATER.

Don't call me 'dear' any more. After this [illegible] Miss Wellman. I shall manage to get across [illegible] by."

Ralph started to speak, but the party at the other end of the line had rung off.

"Hmm," he mused, scratching his head in perplexity. "She'll never speak to me again. But I'm to call for Miss Wellman I suppose. Rather inconsistent, to say the least. I wonder who her guests are. I wonder if the other fellow—Well, well, it may be he is coming, but he'll have a hurry if he expects to reach the Wellman home without getting his feet wet."

Ralph thrust his hands deep into his pockets and strolled to the window overlooking the river which flowed between his home and Miss Wellman's. Through the gusty rain he could make out the surging stream, swollen till it nearly reached the top of the banks.

Dark, discolored, filled with branches of trees and other light material caught in its flood, the river raced sullenly onward like an unclean thing.

"It's going to rise a lot more before it goes down," he muttered.

From the river his glance sought the distant shore. Dimly he could discern pale lights through the gloom.

"Gee!" Ralph cried suddenly as he realized how much the river had risen in the past hour. "If it comes up much further it will go hard with Clare over there."

He strode to the telephone. As he placed the receiver to his ear he caught a sharp crack and rending sound; then the wire went dead. He was cut off from communication with the outside world and with Clare.

Again Ralph strode to the window. As he looked down at the angry water it seemed to him that the river had risen materially in the moment that he had been at the phone.

The thought galvanized him into sudden action. He jumped from the window and tore out of the room into the pelting rain toward his automobile shed.

Here he quickly stripped his huge car of its gleaming searchlight and gas tank and with the apparatus rushed back to the room. In a moment he had the gas turned on, and a flood of light poured through the lens.

With care he raised the window and projected the light through the opening toward the opposite shore. The powerful light cleaved a way through the dark and rain, showing in outlines clear enough for his vision the opposite shore.

Ralph gasped at what he saw. The water was at the second story of the Wellman home. He had not before realized how much lower the Wellman home was than his. Some one came to the window directly opposite the Curtis home.

Ralph strained his eyes. Surely it was Clare and alone. Where were the others? Then he remembered that Clare's mother and father had left that morning for town and had undoubtedly been prevented from returning by the flood.

Ralph advanced to the window and waved his arms dramatically to the girl. She responded. Quickly he turned off the light. Gathering up the apparatus in his arms, he hurried from the room out into the rain again and to the boathouse.

The frail little launch had been taken from the house when the river began to rise and moored alongside it. Now the house was wholly under water, and Ralph was forced to swim to the boat, holding the searchlight as well as he could.

In the boat he started first the light and then the engine and put out into the swollen stream. The little craft was sadly buffeted by the sticks and the waves and time and again shipped water as Ralph sturdily headed for the opposite shore.

The searchlight disclosed the Wellman home with the water now a little above the second story. In the window stood the girl, waving her hands encouragingly.

At length Ralph managed to catch hold of the window. Inside the room the girl stood nearly waist deep in the water.

"Quick!" cried Ralph. "Get into the boat!"

Silently the girl obeyed. Just as she was safely seated Ralph's grasp was broken. The water dashed them furiously away and then against the house. Something snapped. With a muttered ejaculation Ralph looked to his engine. Nothing seemed to be amiss, and he threw the throttle forward. The engine raced terrifically, and he quickly jerked the throttle back.

"The propeller shaft is broken," he announced in a voice that strove to be calm. "We'll have to float down with the current and try to land somewhere."

The girl was startled, but also tried to appear unconcerned.

"That's too bad," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "I was never, never going to talk to you again, but I suppose I'll have to now."

"Oh, I'll not force you to!" growled Ralph as he puttered over the machine.

"Do you know," went on the girl, "I think your horrid old cows are the cause of all this? It was only after they trampled over my garden that the river came up. I know I can never forgive them."

"And incidentally never forgive me, I suppose," mumbled the man.

The girl said nothing. Then suddenly she lifted up her feet with an expression of dismay.

"Gracious, the boat's full of water!" she cried. "I'm so wet anyway, that I didn't notice it before."

"Yep," replied the man shortly. "She's sprung a leak. We've got to make a landing, sure."

With the powerful searchlight, which still burned undimmed, he swept the waters.

"Look!" he cried. "If those aren't cattle I'll eat my hat!"

Ahead of them the light revealed some three or four heads rising out of the water and steadily moving from the center of the stream.

"They're walking!" cried Ralph. "They can take us ashore!"

He sprang to the steering wheel and skillfully maneuvered the boat so that it passed near the beasts. The girl saw his intention, and as they passed both jumped, landing safe on the sturdy animals.

Almost undisturbed, and unswayed by the rushing waters, the cattle plowed steadily onward. Gradually they came into shallower water, and thankful Ralph and the girl slid from the beasts' backs. Hand in hand they stumbled along now, faster than the cattle. Ralph cast one last look back at the beasts and gasped.

"Why, they're mine!" he cried. "That's Boss, and there's Doll! Why, Clare dear, do you realize that the cattle you thought had caused it all have saved us?"

"Oh!" cried the girl and turned to him.

"And look there!" cried Ralph, pointing ahead. "See what they've brought us to. Say, that's the Rev. Sturgis' home on the road to your house, and look there—he's opening the door. Look, look, dear, your father and mother are with him!"

The girl looked, and then, sobbing piteously, she threw her arms around Ralph's neck.

"Oh, dear, dear!" she cried. "I forgive your cows, I forgive you, and," she added ungrammatically, but soulfully, as she clung to Ralph and he held her close, "I'm never not going to speak to you again!"

What the Bridegroom Resents.

"Even the English language emphasizes the insignificance of a man at his own wedding," said the prospective bridegroom disconsolately. "There isn't an independent word to designate him. He is merely called the groom of the bride, as if he were just about on a level with the bridesmaids and a little below the maid of honor. Best man, of course, means the bridegroom's best man, but the phrase itself tends to exalt this individual at the expense of his superior.

"Then there's no adjective to describe what pertains to the male half of the affair. You can't speak of the 'bridegroomal' trousers or necktie. On the other hand, 'bridal' applies not only to the possessions of the girl, but to what relates to both of them equally, like the trip and the bridal chamber. The very words 'matrimony' and 'matrimonial' are from the feminine side only. 'Patrimony' has nothing to do with the nuptials. It applies only to wealth and signifies that a man's part in the affair is to get out and hustle for the cash."—New York Times.

Merely Tentative.

"What is the baby's name?"

"It's Mary now, but I suppose it will be Mayme or Mae or Marie as soon as she gets old enough to notice it."—Chicago Tribune.

Selling "Carlyle."

Here is Whistler's story of how he sold his famous picture of Carlyle to the Glasgow corporation:

I received them, well, you know, charmingly, of course, and one who spoke for the rest asked me if I did not think I was putting a large price on the picture—1,000 guineas—and I said, "Yes, perhaps, if you will have it so."

And he said that it seemed to the council excessive. "Why, the figure was not even life size."

And I agreed.

"But, you know," I said, "few men are life size."

And that was all. It was an official occasion, and I respected it. Then they asked me to think over the matter until the next day, and they would come again. And they came. And they said, "Have you thought of the thousand guineas and what we said about it, Mr. Whistler?"

And I said, "Why, gentlemen, why—well, you know how could I think of anything but the pleasure of seeing you again?"

And naturally, being gentlemen, they understood, and they gave me a check for the thousand guineas.

Cured Him.

Mrs. Naggs—My husband used to find fault with the coffee, but he doesn't any more. Mrs. Howell—How did you break him of the habit? Mrs. Naggs—I induced him to make it himself one morning.

HIS NINE CHEESES.

An Old Time New England Story of a Stingy Parson.

Anecdotes in which the mean and grasping man is outwitted or held up to ridicule are popular everywhere and always. Few ancient towns are without their historic or traditional instances of stinginess punished or sharp practice defeated. In one village of New England, says the Youth's Companion, there is still current such a tale concerning an unpopular parson of more than a century ago.

Although a learned man of impressive manners, this clergyman was noted for undue reluctance to expend and readiness to acquire. He had a habit of pleading poverty and hinting for gifts.

The parish, although with some murmuring, had responded with fuel for his kitchen, hay for his horse, Thanksgiving turkeys for his table and a "subscription cloak" of black satin for his wife when her wedding mantelet became shabby. The murmurs increased when it was found that the parson turned an honest but oversharp penny by selling instead of using many of these donations. But they were not loud enough to disturb his stately calm, and he went his way without condescending to notice them.

At last, however, fortune played him a trick for trick.

One pleasant winter day he made a round of calls, and at each house, when just about to leave, he casually asked his hostess if she could let him have a little piece of cheese, as his wife happened to have none in the house and unexpected company had arrived. In each case the good housewife, instead of a little piece, generously presented him with a whole cheese, which he graciously accepted. As he turned from the door stone at the close of the last visit, while the mother of the family and her brood of nine children stood politely gathered to watch him drive away, he carelessly pulled the wrong rein, the sleigh tipped sharply on a drift, and out from under the mittenstring his ruby rolled nine large cheeses, which spun briskly away in all directions on the ice crust.

His hostess understood the situation at a glance.

"Don't disturb yourself, pray, sir," she said politely as he made a motion to descend. "It is quite unnecessary. The children will gather them up, and none will be overburdened or will there be any quarreling for the privilege. See, it is just a cheese to a child."

So it was, and the embarrassed parson, unable to escape was obliged to receive back his cheeses, with due thanks to each sturdy volunteer as they came up in special procession one by one.

That well he knew that by the next day the whole parish would be laughing at his misadventure, although he could scarcely have guessed that the joke would be recalled a hundred years later.

Veterinarian.

Hippocrates, the "father of medicine," wrote a treatise on the veterinary art, but its true founder was Vegetius, who wrote "De Arte Veterinaria," 300 A. D. But the first attempt to elevate the practice into a science was as late as 1761, when France set the example of establishing the first veterinary college at Lyons.—Exchange.

ACME MILL.

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Just What You Want.

Line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single and double, light and heavy Harness.

Chas. Lemmler,

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are now under way, at Buffalo's big popular department store, with the most lavish displays since this business began! **Mountains of Fresh, Dainty Muslin Underwear**—made under conditions of absolute purity—**White Hills of Linens, Cottons, Lace Curtains**—White Silks, Embroideries, Laces, Long Cloths, White Dress Goods—every kind of White Fabric—in plenteous assortment and **the lowest prices in 10 years!**

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in a satisfactory manner.

A Lazy Liver

May be only a tired liver, or a starved liver. It would be a stupid as well as savage thing to whip a weary or starved man because he lagged in his work. So in treating the lagging, torpid liver it is a great mistake to lash it with strong drastic drugs. A torpid liver is but an indication of an ill-nourished, enfeebled body whose organs are weary with over work. Start with the stomach and allied organs of digestion and nutrition. Put them in working order and see how quickly your liver will become active. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has made many marvelous cures of "liver trouble" by its wonderful control of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It restores the normal activity of the stomach, increases the secretions of the blood-making glands, cleanses the system from poisonous accumulations, and so relieves the liver of the burdens imposed upon it by the defection of other organs.

If you have bitter or bad taste in the morning, poor or variable appetite, coated tongue, foul breath, constipated or irregular bowels, feel weak, easily tired, despondent, frequent headaches, pain or distress in "small of back," gnawing or distressed feeling in stomach, perhaps nausea, what is commonly called "biliousness" in throat after eating, and kindred symptoms of weak stomach and torpid liver, no medicine will relieve you more promptly or cure you more permanently than Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Perhaps only a part of the above symptoms will be present at one time and yet point to torpid liver or biliousness and weak stomach. Avoid all hot bread and biscuits, griddle cakes and other indigestible food and take the Golden Medical Discovery regularly and stick to its use until you are vigorous and strong.

The "Discovery" is non-secret, non-alcoholic, is a glyceric extract of native medicinal roots with a full list of its ingredients printed on each bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Its ingredients are endorsed and extolled by the most eminent medical writers of the day and are recommended to cure the diseases for which it is advised.

Don't accept a substitute of unknown composition for this non-secret MEDICINE OF KNOWN COMPOSITION.

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I have secured the agency for the

FULLER ELECTRIC GAS LIGHT,

the best Gas Light sold, equal to six of any other kind and burns only half as much gas. One fifty complete, call and see them. Also have a full line of Mantles, Globes and Burners for all others.

NEW STOCK OF GAS RANGES AND HEATERS.

HARDWARE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 14, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—J. C. Hamlin has an interesting advertisement in this issue.

—During the year 1908, Dunkirk has had ninety fires, the aggregate loss being $100,000.—Ex.

—The fourth annual exhibition of the McKean County Poultry Association will be held in Bradford all next week.

—Fire destroyed the interior of Tearney's lake shop in Eldred last Friday morning. The origin of the fire is unknown.

—Among the excellent attractions billed for the Bradford theatre in the near future are "Paid in Full," Jan. 27, and "The Gay Musician," Jan. 29.

—According to a statement published in the Eldred Eagle the defunct bank at that place is in better condition than was first reported. Present indications are that they will be able to pay 50 to 60 cents on the dollar and possibly they may pay their indebtedness in full.

—William E. Rice, the new judge of Warren county, and William M. Lindsey, the retiring judge of that county, were given a banquet by the Warren County Bar Association last week. Both gentlemen are well-known and have many friends here.

—The J. S. Hoyt farm of 120 acres, located 1½ miles south of Bolivar, on the Genesee road, was sold on Thursday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Lucian Lewis of Millport, Pa., who will take possession on March first. And Mrs. Eva Simpson of Eldred, Pa., on Monday sold through the same agency to Inghouse and lot in Allentown, N. Y., to C. C. Neff of Knight's Creek who will take possession within a few days.

—The two daughters of John H. Jones, the millionaire lawyer of Marion, Ohio, to whom allusion was recently had, Misses [illegible] were married last [illegible] weeks, but a few days before Christmas suffered that they could not be married for a period of [illegible] months. Then they went to work and provided a basket filled with a turkey, vegetables, fruits and toys for every home in which a father had lost his life, to cheer the bereft ones at Christmas, says an exchange.

—Don't overlook the new advertisement of McCoy's Drug Store in this issue.

—Laces and embroideries at one-third off regular price are advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—The joint meeting of the Dairy Union, State Board of Agriculture and the Breeders' Association will be held at Harrisburg on Jan. 26, 27 and 28. An excellent program has been arranged.

—M. S. Comes has recently purchased a full-blooded percheron mare and colt. The mare is four years old and weighs 1625 pounds and the colt is six months old and weighs 650 pounds. They are a handsome pair.

—A curious case of telepathy has occurred to a sailor on board the Italian battleship Regina Elena. He was granted leave to search for a girl in Messina with whom he was engaged to be married. After having sought for her during four days, he returned to the ship exhausted, and fell into a deep sleep during which he dreamed of his fiancee saying to him: "I am alive; come, save me." The sailor awakened, obtained fresh leave from the commander of the ship, gathered together several friends and went to the spot of which he had dreamed. The party penetrated the ruins of a house and found the girl uninjured.

—A letter from Thos. Hunter, familiarly known among his friends as "Smily," was received here this week. He has a billiard parlor in a glass town in Kansas and is getting along nicely. He writes entertainingly of the liquor conditions in his town and says that a man with nerve enough to do a bootleg whiskey business can clean up a fortune in a brief period. He says that the drug stores are besieged by "sick" people who believe in the medical virtues of cheap whiskey. Only one of the three glass factories is working there. They too, have their troubles.—Port Allegany Reporter. Mr. Hunter has many friends here who will be pleased to know that he is prospering.

A good many [illegible] have [illegible] to [illegible] the [illegible] from the back, shall [illegible] Electric Kidney and Bladder Pills. They will [illegible] back ache, [illegible] pains [illegible] and all kidney and bladder trouble. Soothing and agreeable, and act promptly. Don't fail to get Dr. Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Accept no substitute. Regular size 50c. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; F. H. Reed, Clermont.

THE THIEVES OF JAPAN

Ingenious Rascals Among the Cleverest in the World.

ONE OF THEIR FOXY TRICKS.

The Method by Which They Steal the Shoes Off the Women's Feet in the Public Streets—How a Miser's Money Chest Was Bared and Looted.

An Englishman entered a first class car of one of the railroad trains that run between Tokyo and Yokohama. He was a little red in the face and apparently ruffled in temper. He had just discovered that his pocket had been picked in the station, and he exclaimed bitterly against thieves in general and Japanese thieves in particular.

An American who had been engaged in Yokohama for a number of years pulled the Englishman's quandary. Turning round to me, he said: "Our English friend seems a bit excited. If he growls at having his pocket picked, what would he say if he had the shoes stolen off his feet?"

"That is clearly an impossibility," I laughed.

"I don't know about that," he returned. "It may not happen with our western style of shoes, button and lace; but, all the same, I have heard and I know it to be a fact that the sandals of Japanese have been stolen off their feet."

"Well, how is it done?" I asked.

"Very simply," he answered. "Suppose a Japanese woman who has a particularly fine pair of lacquered clogs is one of a great crowd that is watching a passing procession or a religious celebration of priests in front of a temple. Along comes an expert pickpocket or pickfoot, I don't know which you want to call him. His keen eyes fastened on the ground, discover those desirable clogs. Thereupon he makes up his mind that he wants them.

"The first thing she knows the owner of the clogs feels an unpleasant sensation in her left foot. Naturally she wants to stop it, and quite unchangingly and almost absently she slips her right foot out of its clog and begins to scratch that uncomfortable spot in her left foot with her toes. She feels relieved. Forgetting all about the incident, she becomes absorbed in the spectacle again. Soon the irritation crosses over to a similar spot in her right foot. Absently, once more, she slides her left foot out of its clog and begins to soothe the troublesome spot with her toes."

"The thief was responsible for the irritation and walked off with the clogs," I said.

"Certainly. The rascal caused the trouble with a bit of straw or wire," he returned.

"But one would think that the moment the foot of the victim touched the ground its clog would be missed and the thief would run the chance of being caught before the second could be stolen."

"Oh, that is one of the cleverest parts of the trick," explained my friend. "The thief comes supplied with a pair of cheap wooden clogs costing but a few sen, and the owner of the lacquered footgear goes away with them and never notices the difference, at least not until it is too late to profit from the knowledge."

"Are Japanese thieves so very clever, then?" I asked.

"Oh, very!" he returned. "Some time ago I heard of one of them who used to carry a handful of watch rings to fit into the stems of all sorts of watches that he might come by dishonestly. Once he lifted a watch in a train, and the owner, missing it, but not knowing who the thief was, set up a shout and had a policeman summoned. The police, to satisfy the victim, insisted that every one in the train show his watch. When the turn of the thief came he drew out of his pocket the stolen timepiece, and its original possessor not recognizing it on account of the changed ring, missed an easy chance to regain his property.

"I was the same fellow, I believe," he continued, "who, forced by the expenditure of a little money to have himself arrested under different names in the various inns of different towns. When arrested he gave one of these various names to the authorities. The police, on looking up the record of the name given, were unable to find any black marks against it. Thus he always managed to escape with a light punishment for his first offense, committed I don't know how many times.

"But I don't know that any of these fellows were as clever as another thief I heard about. You know many of the Japanese sleep on a sort of bed made up on the floor, called a futon. Well, an old Japanese miser kept his money in the house, invested in a small chest of drawers. In the daytime he never took his eyes off his treasure, and at night he had his futon pushed tightly against it, so no robber could get at his money without awakening him.

"For a long time a gang of thieves had been puzzling their brains to find a way of stealing the hoard without being detected. Well, on a certain night one of them entered the house and gently, little by little, pulled the bed on which the miser lay away from the chest of drawers. Then he quickly emptied the drawers of their currency, shoved the chest back to its original position and made his escape.

"Several days passed before the unfortunate miser detected his loss."—Chicago News.

A wise skepticism is the first attribute of a good mind.—Shakespeare.

EMIL THAMM

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

IT WAS A FINE COD.

A Little Story of William M. Chase, the Portrait Painter.

Several years ago I had a studio at Hammersmith and was hurrying into London one morning to transact some business. Just as I swung around a corner occupied by a fishmonger's market my eye was attracted to a magnificent cod stretched out for exhibition on a clean slab of white marble. Whatever my mood for color was that morning, that fish completely fitted and filled it. I must paint it, I decided.

I called out the proprietor and told him what I wanted. I was a bachelor, I explained, and did not want to buy the big fish. I only wished the use of it as a model. Could I rent it?

"Ow, now, sir," he said, with true British stolidity. "I'll never rents my fish. You see, it's Saturday, too, sir. I'll must sell him today, sir."

However, I explained that I needed the fish for only a few hours, and directly we struck a bargain. If after two hours I still wished to keep the fish I should buy it. At the end of the stipulated time the boy came. I was not quite finished. "In a few minutes," I said; and when I looked up he was gone.

Shortly afterward the proprietor came, tiptoeing in and peeping over my shoulder. I could hear him softly sighing, and I said nervously, "In a few minutes now, in a few minutes."

"Don't 'urry, sir; don't 'urry," he urged. "She's gettin' on! I'll take my chances, sir!"

When the painting was finished he refused at first to accept any remuneration, but at length, with a muttered apology, he charged—a shilling! The painting was hung and shortly afterward purchased by the Corcoran Art gallery for a very substantial sum.

On my next trip to London I determined to call up my fishmonger, tell him of the good fortune that had attended the painting and tender him some fitting reward. To my great surprise he not only refused again any sort of fee, but evinced no surprise whatever at the figure the painting had brought, though the price paid represented several times over the investment of his shop.

"Ah, but it was a fine cod, sir!" he said, and his eyes glowed with pride. "Now, wasn't it?"—William M. Chase in Delineator.

ORIENTAL RUGS.

Made to Resemble the Antiques by Chemical Washings.

The United States buys annually many thousand dollars' worth of what are known to the profession as washed rugs. Brightly colored oriental rugs sometimes are washed with a solution of chloride of lime, a treatment which partly bleaches the colors and imparts a soft appearance to the rug.

This chemical treatment is a process of washing which produces the effect of age and a peculiar sheen to the surface, which is pointed out by the unscrupulous dealer as a proof of superior quality. The fact is that the process of washing as described invariably weakens and in some instances destroys the materials of the rug.

The progressive effect of the chemicals on the materials in the rug is this: The chlorine gas contained in the chloride of lime attracts oxygen and moisture from the air, by which nitric acid is formed. This eats away the vitals of the rug. Sooner or later the wool and cotton fi the rug become brittle and thus weaken the warp and deteriorate the wool.

When this deterioration is complete the pile of the rug may be swept away by the ordinary process of sweeping, and the warp, which is the foundation of the rug, becomes so weak that holes appear here and there and spoil the rug is worthless.

It not seldom happens that a Persian rug is not starting in some bright hue, perhaps red, and is not salable. The unscrupulous dealer will subject the rug to a series of washings in chemically prepared water. In this way he turns out a rug possessing a soft antique sheen that is truly captivating and finds a ready purchaser at an advanced price.—Chicago Tribune.

Partners In Debts.

"My tooth is just killing me," she complained.

"Why don't you go to the dentist about it?" asked he.

"Because," said she, "I owe him money."

"You and I seem to be in hard luck," said he. "Now, look at me. Every time I go out in my automobile it breaks down right in front of some store where I owe a lot of money."—New York Press.

Honeyed Words.

"How are you getting along at home? The last time I called your wife was giving you the dickens."

"Quite true. I had been a bad boy. But she relented. Last night she came very near calling me honey."

"You don't mean it! How was that?"

"She called me old beeswax."—New York Press.

No Hurry.

"Of course, Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher, "you'd like to be an angel, wouldn't you?"

"Well er—you'm," replied Tommy, "but I'd like to wait till I can be a full grown angel with gray whiskers."—Philadelphia Press.

Didn't Agree With Him.

"You should never take anything that [illegible] you with you," the physician told him.

"If [illegible] I showed that [illegible] Mabel," [illegible] to his wife. "Why, [illegible] you boy?" London Express.

Taking an Advantage.

"You [illegible] seem to enjoy [illegible] Europe," [illegible]

"Yes," [illegible] Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls have absorbed that I am work on getting the value of foreign money. Things are ordered and paid for before I have time to make any intelligent inquiries as to the expense."—Washington Star.

HIS ALIBI.

It Cleared the Accused, but Furnished an Odd Sequel.

A highly respectable gentleman arrived at York one evening with luggage and dined well, went to bed early, rose in good time and had a substantial breakfast. After this meal he casually asked the landlord if there was anything of special interest in York. "The assizes are on, but I do not know if there is anything particularly interesting in the list," was the response.

"Thanks," drawled the stranger, "I'll look in if I happen to pass the court and see."

He did look in and heard a follower of Dick Turpin in the dock, charged with highway robbery, pleading his innocence vehemently to a stolid judge and jury, who, with firm faces, did not look as if they placed much credence in the prisoner's profession of innocence. Suddenly the prisoner caught sight of the stranger, who had strolled in from the hotel out of curiosity.

"Here, thank God, is some one who can prove my innocence!" cried the prisoner, pointing to the stranger, who was aghast at becoming the center of interest so unexpectedly.

He seemed astonished and shook his head.

"Oh, yes," cried the accused; "just think! You were at Dover—a long way from here. You came out of the Ship hotel, and I took your luggage in a wheelbarrow to the Calais packet at the pier. That was the day I am supposed to have committed the crime up here."

The stranger seemed bewildered. The judge, struck with the tragic earnestness of the prisoner, questioned the stranger, but the latter could not assist him much.

"Have you any notebooks," asked the judge—"any memorandum of your movements on that day?"

"I am a merchant," replied the stranger, "connected with an old established firm of bankers in London. I travel a lot and of course enter everything in my books. Here are my books if the court likes to send to my hotel and bring here the books out of my case. I can easily settle the point."

The books were fetched. The gentleman had been in Dover that day and had left by the Calais packet. This was sufficient for the judge and jury. The prisoner was acquitted.

Comic sequel: Both the "banker from London" and the highwayman were placed in the same dock shortly afterward charged with having burglaries in the neighborhood.—Harry Furniss in London Standard.

The Usher Woke Up.

At a certain county court the judge is in his private capacity a kind hearted man. The usher of the court is aged—very aged—but as he had been a faithful servant for many years he was retained in that capacity. One morning he fell asleep in court and began to snore. The noise he made naturally disturbed court proceedings, but the judge displayed great tact in dealing with the matter.

"Usher Jones," he called out loudly, "some one is snoring."

The usher woke up. He jumped to his feet and glared fiercely around.

"Silence!" he roared. "There must be no snoring in court!"—Exchange.

Malapropos.

The pious old lady who, returning from a visit to the zoo, announced that she "always did enjoy a visit to the theological gardens" and the servant who, describing her master's last illness, explained that the "doctors held a consolation and found that it was something eternal"—have found a recent equal in the lady who observed that when she was in Italy she "saw so many people in the garbage of monks with tonsils on their heads."

Of course everybody likes and respects self made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.—O. W. Holmes.

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS —$1 25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1 00 per year

ADVERTISING RATES

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1 00 per column per annum—payable monthly Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $3 00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r

Smethport, Thursday Jan 14, 1909

At Media, Pa, last Thursday, the jury acquitted Mrs J Clayton Erb and her sister, Mrs Katherine Beisel, charged with killing Captain Erb It was the opinion of the jury that the killing was done in self defense

PENNSYLVANIA has the distinction of being the first State to file her electoral vote with the Vice President The electors met at Harrisburg on Monday and declared 34 votes for Taft and Sherman The document was officially notified on Tuesday

FOUR men were beheaded on the guillotine in France on Monday This is the first time in ten years that this method of capital punishment has been used in that country, and was resumed to satisfy the demands of the people in the belief that it will reduce the number of crimes in France

THE Bradford Era very truthfully remarks, "John Sharp Williams says a Republican president is a relic of barbarism If Roosevelt is a relic he is certainly a lively one No such activity has ever been shown before by any President His big stick may be considered barbarous by those who have been the recipients of its impact but others have less prejudiced views regarding the fate it has made

BETWEEN 50 and 100 men were killed as the result of an explosion in the Pittsburg branch of the Pennsylvania Coal Coke Co at Swarthlot about 20 miles from Rhodell W Va on Tuesday This is the same mine in which 11 men lost their lives on Dec 1st and it is said that the shaft had been examined and reported perfectly safe by the State mining inspectors The only cause assigned for the explosion is that some of the foreign miners may have entered the mine with an open lamp

THE finding of the supposed Mussmanized body of RAY H Carmichael in two stoves in his barn near Detroit last week partially explained the mystery Carmichael's disappearance Later it was learned that the body found in the stove was that of Carmichael himself and Crane was implicated in the murder On Monday R V Carmichael committed suicide in the county jail at Mt Clemens by cutting his throat with a razor

WHILE the cattle exhibits at Washington are at work on a new schedule their attention should be called to the need of protective tariff for cattle feed There is not one plant in the United States engaged in the manufacture of this useful commodity and that establishment at immense cost has been erected here in Bradford The quality of cattle product of the factory is equal to the best made abroad The concern is compelled however to compete with foreign made oxalic acid—acid that can be returned cheaply owing to the small wages and comparatively small cost of conducting manufacturing enterprises in European countries The Bradford plant is an infant industry and if the tariff experts were fully informed on the subject they would doubtless take oxalic acid from the free list and protect a home industry —Bradford Era This is merely an illustration Every newspaper in the country regardless of politics insists that the tariff be kept up on the products of the factories in its immediate vicinity Even the Democratic Austin Autograph insists that there be no tariff reduction on lumber

IN its issue of December 17 1908 the Democrat published an article headed "Terrible if True" which related to a lot of street rumor regarding the sale of a herd of cattle supposed to be suffering from tubercular trouble A week later the MINER published the facts concerning the same sale The Democrat admitted that its article was founded entirely on rumor and on the same day one article appeared printed a letter signed by Lisha K Kane which set forth the same facts contained in our article yet on Jan 1 1909 the Democrat came back at us with an editorial that is so ridiculously amusing that we publish it in full, that our readers may get the full enjoyment of it Here is what it says

"And I have served my God with half the zeal I served my king etc is quite applicable to the MINER in its present distressed state of mind Paraphrasing from Shakespeare's quotation we will add that had the MINER served its readers with half the zeal it exhibits in its futile efforts to again prove that the Democrat did not tell the truth it would have thought twice before it published in its issue of Dec 24 1908, the article headed 'Important to Our Readers,' wherein it undertakes to place the Democrat in the position of being a liar In the matter in question the MINER had just as good an opportunity to have published a current report as did the Democrat, but it had to wait and feel the public pulse, and after it had learned that some one was industriously searching for the Democrat man's gore, it got into the game as usual, and undertook to discredit what had been common street rumor for a week or more If the MINER readers enjoy that sort of independent and fearless (?) journalism the Democrat has no kick to enter But we would gently admonish the MINER if it has not the courage to publish news as it finds it, do not in the name of common sense waste space in an effort to place the Democrat in a hole What we publish we intend shall be true, and we are at all times ready and willing to stand by what appears in these columns"

For over a year past the editor of the Democrat has worried a great deal over the "distressed state of mind" and "labored editorials" of the MINER, and we are inclined to believe that this worry added to the terrible responsibility of editing and managing the only great and glorious Democrat has more or less unbalanced his mind, and now he is laboring under the hallucination that we are continually trying to make him out a liar, although there is not the slightest reason for such an idea His position is both pitiable and amusing

History and Constitution.

(Continued from first page)

the president of the League, and shall preside at all contests He shall also be the interpreter of the constitution.

3 The secretary-treasurer shall be elected from the representatives of the League at the time of the annual institute The said secretary treasurer shall hold office for one year and shall begin his duties immediately upon his election

ARTICLE V

1 A session of the representatives shall be held at each annual Institute to consider all business pertaining to the management of the League

2 During the Institute each year there shall be a contest between the two schools holding first and second rank respectively and rank to have been determined by a series of preliminary contests in the order of rank at the close of the preceding year as follows

3 The first preliminary contest shall be between the schools of the lowest and next to the lowest rank the second between the winner of the first, and the next higher rank and so on until the school of second rank shall have participated but the holder of the first rank shall be the school winning the annual contest in the preceding year.

4 These preliminary contests shall be held each alternate month of the school year beginning with October The precise date of each contest shall be decided by the principals of the contending schools

5 Every contest herein provided shall consist of debate with two leaders on each side an oration and essay and a reading **Sight reading In the sight reading the County Superintendent shall pick out the selections** to be read at every contest In township contests and visit the interpretation point shall be

6 The high school shall with mutual consent of the two schools concerned shall remain the same but if the school of lower rank should win the rank of the schools shall be reversed

7 The winner of the final contest shall be custodian of the cup

ARTICLE VI

Rules for contest

1 The winning school in each contest shall select the preliminary question for debate and notify the school of the next higher rank within two days School of next higher rank shall notify within two days the school of lower rank the side of question chosen The school of lowest rank shall select the question for the first preliminary each year and notify the school of next higher rank on or before May 1 Choice of sides shall be made by school of next higher rank on or before May 5 Should any school fail to avail itself within the given time of the privilege of proposing the question or of selecting the side, said privilege shall revert to its opponent A different question for debate shall be used in each contest of a series

2 Each contestant excepting the readers and essayists shall be limited to eight minutes for the delivery of his part at the end of which time the presiding officer shall give a signal In the debate two additional minutes shall be allowed to each of the leaders for rebuttal the negative leading

The essays shall be limited to 100 words each

Four typewritten copies of each essay shall be placed in the hands of the County Superintendent five days before the contest in which they are to be used County Superintendent shall obtain the decision of the judges in writing as to language and subject matter before the time of delivery. In the essays no biographical subjects shall be used

3 The standing of each contestant shall be judged on the basis of 100% In the debate argument shall count for 50% and language and delivery for 25% each

4 In debate the rebuttal shall be marked on a scale of 100 The total per cent shall be divided by 4 and the result added to the two per cents marked on the main speeches

5 In the reading the following memory enunciation, interpretation and delivery shall each count 25%

6 The contests shall be decided by three judges selected by the president of the League, subject to the approval of the principals of the contesting schools but no resident or former resident of either of the districts whose schools are contesting, nor any teacher under the jurisdiction of the County Superintendent shall be selected as a judge

7 The vote of each judge shall count for the side to which he has given the higher per cent

In essay and oration subject matter shall count 50%, language 25%, and delivery 25%

8 The contestants in debate, oration, and essay shall be required to file with the chairman before the program the following signed declaration:

I hereby positively declare that I am a student of High School, and that I myself, have arranged the language of my without copying or memorizing from any kind of written, printed or spoken matter

A regular student shall be defined as one who has not graduated from his school and who has not represented his school for more than four years

9 (No reader shall be allowed to introduce any song or musical accompaniment in his recitation)

10 Unless otherwise agreed upon, each contest shall be in the town whose school holds the higher rank

ARTICLE VII

Fines and expenses

1 The expenses of the judges, the principal and the contestants of the visiting school shall be borne by the school in whose town the contest is held

2 Two per cent of the net proceeds of each contest, accompanied by a full report, shall be sent to the secretary-treasurer in order to form a fund for defraying necessary general expenses of the League.

ARTICLE VIII

Amendments

This Constitution may be revised by a majority vote of the representatives at any annual meeting

REPRESENTATIVES

Burdette S Bayle, President	Co Supt
T F Allen Secy & Treas	Smethport
C W Lothbridge	Eldred
Burt Montgomery	Derrick City
T V Carver	Mt Jewett
J P Ruhl	Hazlehurst
Lloyd R Reidd	Kane
I A Richardson	Port Allegany

RANKING OF SCHOOLS 1908 1909

First—Kane
Second—Smethport
Third—Mt Jewett
Fourth—Eldred
Fifth—Port Allegany
Sixth—Hazlehurst
Seventh—Derrick City

Without Imagination.

There is a certain New York business man who considers that his wife has no imagination

At dinner one night he changed to another topic of conversation he had found in the evening paper on his way home A passenger train had run into a steer that had fallen asleep on the track and killed and injured several persons

"Would you have been scared if you had been in the train?" he asked

"Scared?" she replied "I guess I would have been scared to death I—"

"Well, then," he interrupted, "why don't you tell me about it?"

"Why—why—I haven't any imagination" she said

Hard Gambler

[illegible] dives [illegible] what he call[illegible] bets as to whether he would die or not and when a doctor was called into attend him his ministrations were interfered with by the members because they said these would affect the fairness of the bets

Pitiful Sales.

Kits of sailors lost at sea are sold regularly at auction at the Albert docks in London The sale provides many a pitiful sight Most of the lots are contained in the regular sailor's sea chest, all marked with the name of the ship from which they come. It is not unusual for those who have lost friends or relatives at sea to attend these auctions and there are times when the first news of such a loss comes through the recognition of familiar objects

A Fair Offer.

Small boy (who has been watching amateur gunner's failures for an hour or more)—Say, mister

Sportsman—Well, what is it, boy?

"Gimme a nickel an a start an' I'll run an' get you a rabbit."—Life

Subscribe for the MINER

Safe's
27 MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 412

Election Notice

NOTICE is hereby given to all taxpayers of the Township of Sergeant, McKean County Pa that in pursuance of an Order of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the County of McKean made January 12th 1909 at No 2 January Sessions 1909, authorizing the same an election will be held in said Township on the 2nd day of February 1909 at No 2 polling place in said Township for and against abolishing the system of working out the road tax or a portion thereof assessed on the property in said Township so that the same shall hereafter be paid in cash as provided by Act of Assembly approved April 12th 1905 P L 94.

T T SMITH
I T FARRON
[illegible]

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—It's a long story

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

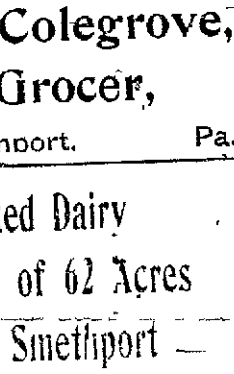
J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

Stocked Dairy Farm of 62 Acres Near Smethport

We offer for sale the farm on which we now live situated on the road leading from Smethport to Ormsby and Keating Summit on R F D and telephone line 85 acres cleared, 10 acres small timber orchard of about 40 trees fair fences fine spring water Nine room house in good repair good cellar One barn 30x40, one barn 16x24 granary 18x24 One mile to cheese factory, ¼ mile to school With the farm we offer 7 good cows 1 yearling 3 calves, 1 pair horses, 2 buggies, 1 wagon, 1 mowing machine, 1 hay rake, 2 plows cultivator shovel plow, drag, cutter, cutting box grindstone, 25 or 30 hens, brood sow double harness, single harness and 2 milk cans—Everything for $4,000 Terms $1 500 cash, balance $100 a year and interest Possession at once

HERRICK AGENCY
Bolivar, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

LOW PRICES
——are still prevailing at——
RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

The balance of our Suit and Overcoat stock are going at lower prices than ever.

We Like Lookers

H. W. RUBIN
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

MR. BOOKKEEPER!

We have for you a full line of Blank Books and Account Books of all sizes, Ink, Ink Wells, Pens, Pencils, Library Paste, Paper Fasteners, Type Writer Ribbons, Type Writer Paper, Legal Cap Paper all rulings, Pen Racks, Rubber Stamps, Paper Files, Etc Now is the time you need them.

McCoy's Drug Store

When you buy canned goods you want the best.

Our "Springville Brand" is unsurpassed.

One trial will convince you

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

As Cheap as the Cheapest

yet it gives the steadiest, most uniform artificial Light known.

"Family Favorite" LAMP OIL

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of [illegible] we have now in stock a full line of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT. PENNA.

Capital	$100,000 00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	$293 000 00
Resources about	$900,000 00

This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.

Pays interest on time deposits.

Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.

Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.

Solicits your business, no account too small, no transaction too large.

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President,
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice President
RALPH E BURDICK, Treasurer
GUY McCOY, Asst Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J HAMLIN,
RALPH F BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP
JOHN FORREST
JAMES A McKEAN
C D COBURN
CHARLES McKEAN
H H REDFIELD

RUBBER GOODS

deteriorate with age

Our stock is all new, and we have everything you need in the care of the sick.

Ice Bags, Hot Water Bottles, Syringes, Etc. Prices right.

—at—

Armstrong's Drug Store

I have been at ENGSTROM'S GROCERY and you can tell that I am pleased Its an old idea about a pleased customer being the best advertisement for a store We believe in continuous advertising of this kind Our Groceries are of the satisfying sort You will feel that every article from our stock is well worth the price, and will be glad to order another lot of the same brand We lay more stress on high quality than on low price Our values are just Make up an order for us and be pleased

Oscar Engstrom.
Dealer in
Groceries and Provisions.

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

See our
MID-WINTER
CLEARANCE SALE
ANNOUNCEMENT
on last page.

DALY & GARLICK

The Jewel Sad-Iron Heater,

is a very desirable article for use on gas ranges for heating sad irons or to protect utensils from direct contact with gas flames.

The Detroit Jewel Griddle will give you perfect satisfaction. We also have Waffle Irons for either gas or wood stoves.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thurs day, Jan 14, 1909

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Primaries, Saturday, 4 to 8 p. m.

—Collection had a $10.00 day recently in one of the Main Blocks.

—Mrs. Samuel E. Bell entertained the Bridge Whist Club yesterday afternoon.

—Read what Geo. W. Brennan has to say about canned goods in his advertisement.

—Don't forget the Howell-Keith Stock Co., at the Lyceum the balance of the week.

—"Ike" Simons, the popular Bradford clothier, is conducting a big reduction sale at the present time.

—The ladies of the St. Elizabeth's Aid society will have a cooked food and candy sale in the basement of the parish house Saturday. Sale begins at two o'clock.

—At Argument court on Tuesday, W. C. Swartz of Bradford, who at the last regular term of court pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzlement, was sentenced by Judge Bouton to a fine of $10 and remain in the county jail for six months.

—In last week's issue of the MINER the names of Mrs. H. L. McCoy and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton were inadvertently omitted from the list of ladies assisting at the New Year's day reception of the Travellers' Club.

—The membership of the Epworth League of the Methodist church has grown to over fifty, ten of the young people of the church having joined at the monthly meeting held on Tuesday evening of this month.

—At the weekly prayer and bible service in the Methodist Episcopal church next Wednesday evening the subject will be the "Healing of the Impotent Man at Bethesda." The lesson is found in John 5: 1-16.

—Don't forget to attend the primaries on Saturday from 4 p. m. The primaries of all the parties are held on this date and it is the duty of every voter to go to the polls and take in naming the officers of our local government.

—At the regular meeting of Smethport Hose Company, held in their parlors last Friday evening, a little diversion was had from the regular routine of business in the way of a smoker. The newly elected officers surprised those in attendance by having a most delightful spread awaiting them. At the close of this excellent luncheon cigars were passed and a very pleasant social evening was spent.

—The annual meeting of the Sunday School Board of the Methodist Episcopal church will be held this evening. Officers and teachers for the coming year will be elected. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Harris will entertain the Board at their home.

—The last page of this issue is devoted to the January clearance sale of The Lindholm Co. This firm is offering some unusually good bargains in many lines of goods and our readers will do well to give the advertisement and sale their careful attention.

—Last evening in their lodge rooms the officers of McKean Lodge, No. 388, F. & A. M., were installed. After the meeting most of those present repaired to the dining room of the Wright House where an excellent luncheon awaited them and which was hugely enjoyed by all.

—There is a persistent rumor afloat that some new and interesting developments may be looked for in the Pfeifer case. We have heard the nature of these expected developments but as we are not in position to know whether or not they are based on facts we withhold them.

—Nordika Loraine Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Darius Smith, died last week Thursday, aged about four months. The funeral services were held from the home of Mr. Wirt on Cemetery street on Saturday afternoon and were in charge of the Rev. W. A. Harris.

—The writer has had the pleasure of getting pretty well aquainted with Chas. L. Elliott, acting manager of the Howell-Keith Stock Co., and will say that we find him to be a hustler who should make a success in any walk of life. He is an old-time printer and is able and willing to take a hand at his old trade when the occasion demands. Furthermore he is a clean-cut business gentleman who makes friends wherever he goes.

—On Thursday last Mrs. A. E. Hinman sold her store building on Main street, in which she now conducts her millinery and ladies' furnishings store, to J. F. Eberspacher, who is to take possession early in February, and it is rumored that he will open a billiard parlor there. Mrs. Hinman will remove her stock of goods to the D. C. Young store, which she has rented and where she will continue in the same business on a larger scale.

—The Mt. Alton branches of the C. M. B. A. and A. O. H. held a joint installation of officers last evening at Odd Fellows' hall and the occasion was a most interesting one. It was the 20th anniversary of the institution of the Mt. Alton C. M. B. A. and was fittingly observed. After the meeting a banquet was served at the Butts House. Covers were laid for 75 and a fine feast was provided by Landlord Mahoney. J. J. O'Connell acted efficiently as toastmaster and remarks were made by a number of guests, including Rev. Father Donohue, of Brockwayville, Rev. Father Doyle of Sartwell, J. B. Fox of Bradford, M. S. Geary of Smethport and Thomas Mandeville of Lafayette township.

—The Hilton Window Glass Co., at Port Allegany, has signed the new scale of the Glass Workers' Union and work will be resumed in that plant at once. We have been informed that the scale had been signed for no definate period, that they had orders which had to be filled and under present conditions, the fires having been blocked instead it turned out it would be better for them to pay the scale and fill existing orders than it would to go into the open market and purchase glass.

—Milton F. Melvin is circulating a memorial address to Governor Edwin S. Stuart, calling attention to a campaign against tuberculosis in Pennsylvania. Mr. Melvin will secure as many signatures to the paper as possible after which it will be sent the governor. An effort is being made to have a bill passed in the legislature which will provide for the payment to any hospital of a stipulated sum per week for the treatment and care of those hopelessly ill of consumption. The plan is to thus isolate tuberculosis and by this means to assist materially in stamping out the disease by preventing its spread.—Bradford Star.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (2d after the Epiphany) the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Subjects for the day, "Turning Water into Wine." and "The Religion of Domestic and Social Life." Service at All Saints' chapel, East Smethport, at 2:30 p. m. Next Sunday being "The Missionary Day for Sunday Schools," there will be a special service at 12 m. The order of service, including hymns, responses, etc., and a letter from the presiding bishop, the Rt. Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, D. D., has been sent out from the Mission House, N. Y., for use at this service, and to be take home. All are cordially invited.

—The Rev. W. A. Harris was in Olean on Tuesday evening to deliver an address before the Men's Club of the Ninth Street Methodist church. Mr. Harris gave a paper on "Studies in Names." The following notice appeared in the Olean Morning Times of Wednesday: "The regular monthly meeting of the Men's Club of the Ninth Street M. E. church last evening was well attended. The speaker of the evening was Rev. Harris of Smethport, Pa., who took for his subject, "Studies in Names." Mr. Harris is an interesting speaker, and his lecture of this unique subject was a revelation to his hearers. In the development of his theme, the speaker exhibited a thorough knowledge of a wide range of subjects, embracing history, literature and art. The lecture was spicy and interesting and held the close attention of those present. Following the address ice cream and cake were served by the club.

Movable Institute School.

To all who are interested in Agriculture: I wish to announce that a movable Institute School, under the auspices of the State Department of Agriculture at Harrisburg will be held at Howe's hall East Smethport, Pa., Friday and Saturday, February 5th, inclusive, and Monday and Tuesday, February 8th and 9th, 1909, where practical demonstrations will be given in dairying by the best dairying and milk testing experts, under the direction of dairy experts, Dr. J. D. Detrich and Prof. Wells W. Cook.

Instructions will also be given in poultry raising by Dr. Theodore Whitman, poultry expert, and in fruit growing and gardening by Prof. D. S. Kelsey, horticulturist.

Every farmer should attend these lectures, as well as all who are interested in farming, as much valuable instructions will be given free of charge.

Sessions will be given at Howe's hall at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Public lectures will be given by prominent men at the court house at 7:30 p. m.

All are invited to attend. No charge is made for all this valuable information. Everything is free and paid for by the State.

L. W. HOWDEN, Chairman
Farmers' Institute Work.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 9, 1909:

C. T. Earley, Hon. Edward R. Keise, Alva Strait, Miss Mildred Walker.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

10tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

Edinboro State Normal School possesses a good normal and professional atmosphere. Students are surrounded by influences that are conductive to study. Winter term opens Jan. 4, 1909. Send for catalog at once. John F. Bigler, Prin.

For Sale.

Bay mare, good driver or worker, will work single or double. Bargain to quick buyer. Inquire of

Mary A. Caldwell,
Farmers Valley, Pa.

For health and happiness—DeWitt's Little Early Risers—small, gentle, easy, pleasant little liver pills, the best made. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Personal Mention.

J. M. Hilton of Bradford was in town Tuesday.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence returned from Olean Monday.

O. B. Corwin returned home from Austin Monday.

James R. Foote was a visitor in Bradford on Tuesday.

J. D. Gallup of Norwich was a visitor in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield are visiting friends in Pittsburg.

Mrs. N. G. Cummings returned to her home in Olean Monday.

W. J. Milliken had business in town the fore part of this week.

Harry S. Rubin is in Cleveland this week on a business mission.

Misses Elsie Sherer and Viola Badger were Olean visitors Tuesday.

Miss Katherine Hubbard is visiting relatives and friends in Kane.

J. L. Bayer of Port Allegany was a business visitor in town yesterday.

H. L. Burlingame of Kasson was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Roy Martindale of Kenting Summit was the guest of Miss Donna Lyman Sunday.

Hon. R. B. Stone and Hon. W. E. Bardick were pleasant callers at this office on Tuesday while in town on court business.

Mrs. F. R. Campbell of Kane who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Brenamin, returned to her home last evening.

Samuel E. Bell is making a business visit to the far West. At present he is in Montana and before he returns he expects to visit the oil fields of Wyoming.

H. A. King, the popular auctioneer from Erie, who has been selling goods for Fry & Comes for the past week left Wednesday morning for Parker's Landing.

Late News from Larrabee.

O. P. Cranmill came down from Turtle Point Monday on a business mission.

Mrs. Alfred Johnson was transacting business in Eldred on Saturday.

Mrs. William Mulvaney, of Sartwell was a business caller in town Monday.

Dr. McCarey drove up from Portville Monday and was calling on D. Daley.

Miss Calista Carpenter visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Rice in Eldred Wednesday.

After a three weeks' vacation, Miss Irma Carpenter returned to Clermont, Saturday to resume her school duties.

Mr. and Mrs. George Haynes of Sartwell were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Johnson on Saturday.

Mrs. Daisy Vansickle returned home from Smethport Saturday after a week's visit among friends and relatives in that region.

Miss Grace Moore has accepted the position made vacant in the Frisbee school by the resignation of Miss Laura Hewitt. Miss Hewitt has accepted a position in the Smethport schools.

Elizabeth, the small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Otto, has for some time been very ill with whooping cough. Dr. J. V. Orr of Port Allegany is attending her.

Mrs. Kincaid returned to her home in New York, Canada, on Sunday, after spending several days visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Hobby for Brain-Fag.

Physically, mentally and often morally a good hobby is a business man's salvation. When his mind has been strenuously at work for many hours he has used up a large quantity of life force. If then he turns to his hobby for a change his brain experiences a relief and the jaded parts get rested.—Business Man's Magazine.

Layman and Church Meetings.

One great difference between church work in this country and Great Britain is the preponderance of meetings in the latter country conducted by laymen, in one denomination alone, the Wesleyan, out of 25,000 services nearly 20,000 being in charge of laymen alone.

Manhood Seen in Self-Poise.

He is well along the road to perfect manhood who does not allow the thousand little worries of life to embitter his temper, or disturb his equanimity.—Bushnell.

WM. MONHEIMER.

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for an OVERCOAT, which shall it be? You can pick any Overcoat in the store up to $15.00 and pay only

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Only drop in, see and feel of these Coats—then you'll realize how much you will actually save if you buy an Overcoat NOW.

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Smethport, - - Penna.

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are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

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RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark—RUBEROID—is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

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A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured
For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.
Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, dirt and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection, and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is standard in construction, accomplishing and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.
There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. Mailed for 3 stamps postage.
The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St. New Haven, Conn.

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One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

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is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

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CORN, PEAS, BEANS, TOMATOES AND CHERRIES.

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Millinery, Cloaks, Furs, and all Wool Goods sold at cost. Now is the time to save money.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Thwarting The Freeze

By FRANK H. SWEET

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"Oh mother they're gone, every one of 'em," and Nelly Blair rushed into the kitchen where her mother was preparing a deliciously fragrant soup and threw herself into a chair by the one window

Mrs Blair took a spoonful of soup from the pot and tasted it critically then added more salt and pepper

"What's gone Nelly" she asked at last as she lifted the pot and set it on the back part of the stove where it could simmer on hot coals to the perfection for which her soups were always noted

"My melons an' I kep' it was the Carr boys that took 'em They killed my chickens an' shot my pig one an' now they've stole my melons Oh dear! I just hate 'em I don't see how boys can be so mean"

Two red spots burned in her cheeks and her eyes shone angrily Mrs Blair paused in her work

"I don't like that word hate, Nelly," she said gently "It is an awful word especially when one comes to think about it"

"But, mother, I've been a watchin' them melons every day an' thinkin' how much they'd bring in how we could afford to eat 'em An—there's the chickens and pigeons— Folks can't help hatin' such things"

"I know Nelly; I know. But there's other things to think about Them poor Carr boys never had no brin up, their pa's in prison an' they've been allowed to run wild with no schoolin nor nothin' 'Tain't as if there's a nice woman but she's an invalid an' can't get out an' foller 'em up Ef she was strong—But they've awful good boys to her, Nelly They look after her wants just like they were girls"

"Huh!" Nelly turned abruptly to the window and gazed out across the white sandy field to the Carr cabin half a mile away The melons were too fresh in her mind for her to be so easily placated

"There's good in most folks if it can only be brung out" Mrs Blair resumed persuasively The boys that's all bad, an' I'm awful sorry for poor Mis' Carr" She hesitated a moment then added I made this soup for her an' was thinkin' for you to carry it over, Nelly but I reckon I can walk that far You can sort o' look after the fire now an' agin"

"Oh, I'll take the soup" said Nelly brusquely "I ain't nothin' agin Mis' Carr"

But as she passed through the small truck patch and across the palmetto and wire grass dotted fields the frown still remained on her face She had planned to do so much with the melons—to buy a new dress for her mother and curtains for the kitchen windows and perhaps a pair of shoes for herself She was only thirteen but already the necessities of life had brought to her something of the experience of mature years She and her mother planted an acre or two of the truck and raised a few chickens and gathered and sold huckleberries in their season But the nearest market was three miles away and do the best they could their united earnings were only a small part of the necessary expenses If it had not been for the oranges which they would lose by having been frozen off the place

A regular grower would have called this orange grove but it was not for it consisted of only forty trees in an irregular row parallel to the river and about a quarter of a mile from it Blair had planted the trees with a view to shade and with little thought that they would ever be of any value for commercial purposes The trees were large and spreading and bore enough fruit for the family and a small surplus to sell to the traders who came up the river in their sloops and schooners

Nelly walked slowly along the path to the house after leaving the soup, her mind busily revolving plans for the disposal of the melons Just before she reached the house she noticed several boys shrinking away from the cabin Her face flushed Of course they were the thieves she told herself indignantly

That proved it

Without stopping to think why the boys should be there she hurried on toward the cabin She started to run when she saw what she was sure was a pair of legs protruding from the door of the cabin but stopped short with a gasp of relief when she saw that the legs belonged to Bill Carr

Bill was the oldest of the Carr boys and was about seventeen years old He was a tall, strong boy for his age and had been counted on by his father to do a man's work on the farm ever since the latter had been sent to prison for killing a neighbor in a drunken brawl Bill had been left in charge of the family and the little farm when his father was taken away and had managed to keep things going fairly well

Nelly had always been afraid of Bill and had avoided him as much as possible ever since the latter had been left in charge of the family

"Hello Nelly" said Bill rather sheepishly

"Hello" Nelly replied coldly

"Seen you unloose an thought we'd come over an' sort o' help Mighty cold, ain't it?"

"Yes" Then, after an embarrassed silence "Well, why don't you go to work? Plenty of it here"

"Shu! No use workin' that way" contemptuously Smoke don't scarcely tech the trees Sides smoke ain't keepin' 'em sarin this freeze No use Hits too big Say Nelly we uns is plumb sorry 'bout them melons an' things You an' your maw have been right good to we uns Maw and we uns have horse sense ter know hit Well be mighty glad to help

"Well why don't you then?" desperately Every minute counted now "Put in them fires That's foolish work" said Nelly why don't you uns pick them oranges?"

Nelly rose to her feet

"Reckon we uns should" she said hastily "I didn't think of that But I'll be back as quick as I can"

"Shucks! Don't hurry on we uns account Hit'll be easy work for three uns Pull on Jeff's jacket Mrs Blair" he added "All right I'll run go back to the cabin and get my hat" Then he added whether he was addressing the boys or himself Nelly could not tell

An' now, fellers, tumble into the house after bags an' baskets an' rumbers this is a set off for them uns"

The next few hours were active ones in the Blair grove Bags and baskets filled with golden fruit were dragged from a pack to half a bushel of oranges were begun—contributions of one or two dozen from the trees and the ground Nelly knew that the boys were picking the best fruit from the trees and that the ground fruit was the poorest but she said nothing as she knew that the boys were doing their best to please her

Bill Carr proved a valuable ally He knew just how to climb the trees and how to shake the branches so as to bring down the fruit without bruising it Nelly was surprised at the few hours' work the boys had accomplished Her own efforts seemed very small beside those of the others

"Do you s'pose there'll be fifteen boxes apiece, mamma?" she asked one day after she had made a long calculation on a piece of brown paper

"I wouldn't be surprised, honey They hang very full this year"

"That would be sixty boxes" said Nelly after a few seconds' work with her pencil "Well call it fifty Fifty boxes at $2 a box makes $100 An' you know, mamma, triumphantly we reckoned up that $60 more would keep us through the year Now mamma" impressively "If we make $40 extra can't you have the new dress and curtains an' me some new shoes"

"Yes indeed" replied Mrs Blair gayly "an you shall have a new woolen dress, too Nelly, an' select it all by yourself"

At length the oranges were ready to pick, but Mrs Blair hesitated There were rumors that the markets had been glutted by unwise shipments of fruit and that some forwarders would hardly make expenses So she waited and listened eagerly to such meager market reports as came to her from the neighbors

One afternoon Nelly went to the village with some eggs When she returned there was suppressed excitement in her face

"I heard 'em talkin' in the store 'bout a cold wave comin'" she said excitedly "Mr Tibbs said he 'lowed there'd be a blood runs oranges froze tonight An' it's gittin awful cold matinee My hands fairly ache!"

Mrs Blair was cooking and had put on her hood She now went outside as noticed She now went outside Yes noticed She now went outside Yes it was certainly growing cold The wind actually stung her face as she stepped past the corner of the house

An hour later it was still colder, and by the time the sun sank behind the pines she was as anxious as Nelly

Neither of them thought of supper They had occasionally saved tender vegetables from frost by a smudge fire so placed that the smoke would float across the endangered plants Mrs Blair was not very sanguine about its saving an orange grove in case the cold became excessive, but there seemed nothing else they could do So piles of brushwood were made along the west side of the trees and covered with green boughs and anything that could prevent the fire from bursting into flames For the most part the work was hurriedly and silently done Nelly bringing the material and her mother arranging it on the piles

But when the fires were kindled the smoke refused to meet their desire It rose thick and black, but drifted this way and that under the branches and over the branches and off to one side, but never covering the trees with the dense canopy they were hoping for And this failure only made them work the more desperately It was getting colder and colder and they realized with growing dread what the loss of the oranges would be to them

Nelly was watching the unfruitful efforts and was about to call off the smudges which were doing no good when she heard approaching footsteps Looking up she saw Bill Carr and his four brothers

Hello Nelly" said Bill rather sheepishly

"Hello"

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"Yes" Then, after an embarrassed silence "Well, why don't you go to work? Plenty of it here"

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SHE NOTICED SEVERAL BOYS SHRINKING AWAY

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HINTS FOR FARMERS

Shredding Corn Fodder

In one of the articles contributed by [illegible] to the Ladies' Home Journal on "The Evolution of the Farmer" the following short description of the long period of drudgery in the fodder field is given "The farmer is in better shape to-day than in the days when each stalk was cut by hand and the fodder bound in bundles by straw, the cutting and feeding of which in the stable was a long, disagreeable job But the farmer will even now have to stalk after it will cut them whole, thereby making the fodder go further What is left of the fodder can be utilized as bedding to good advantage and it will not be disagreeable to handle in the manure

This point of the value of the shredded cornstalk burns for bedding is too often overlooked It not only makes a good bed for the stock to lie down on but it is the best absorbent of the liquids yet found It not only takes up the urine, but it holds it, and it is carried along to the field and is plowed in with the manure where it will benefit the crops that follow As is known, the urine is rich in [illegible] and potash If handled only it is worth for this alone [illegible] all that it costs to shred the fodder—S A Clapp in Orange Judd Farmer

At Farrowing Time.

Sows [illegible] farrow in March or any time when the weather is cold should be watched closely and an attendant should be on hand to remove the young pigs as soon as they are farrowed Pigs as soon as they are farrowed should be kept from the sow and see that they get their fill of milk Then again put them back into the basket for two hours after which they should suck again

If the weather continues cold the pigs should be handled in this way for two or three days After that time they can be left with the sow and if they are fairly strong they will require very little attention except carefulness in feeding For now she should be given a little slops feeds for two or three days until she and her litter get active and strong

Care of the Colt's Feet.

If [illegible] is allowed to run on a dry pasture the feet of colts will naturally wear down and develop along the proper line but when the colt is kept in a stall as in the winter time there should be plenty of straw bedding and the stalls should be kept as dry as possible The proper care of the colt's hoof while young often decides the fate of the horse when it is grown.

Sometimes the hoof will not develop straight—it will grow awry' making it difficult for the colt to run The under surface should be rasped off and the wall trimmed slightly round to prevent cracking Too much use of the rasp is not advised but a judicious use of it will go far toward correcting natural or acquired defects in the growth of the hoof It is essential that the hoof be kept symmetrical and well proportioned

Farm Wisdom.

Holes in metal roofs may be stopped by lumps of putty and paint A leak in the winter means wet litter canker colds and roup

Not only the farm machinery when putting it away but paint the wooden parts It doesn't take much paint but it makes the machines and tools last a good slight longer

Don't leave the tools out to warp and rust in the winter storms One winter's exposure will hurt them more than two or three years use Clean them up and put them away in the dry If you have no tool house put them in the packing shed A coat of paint applied now will add several years to the life of the woodwork of tools

Lice in the Henhouse.

Do not put too much value on the state ment that lice do not multiply in winter Look over hens every so often go through the pens and see how they are troubling the birds Watch the underside of the roost and the bottom of the nest for red mites Take measures to get rid of lice and mites They may not spoil your winter egg yield but they will certainly reduce it A good dusting powder and a liquid lice killer are needed on every poultry plant no matter how small

Fertilizing Cotton

Three years' fertilizer experiments on reddish prairie land at the Alabama experiment station showed that cottonseed meal and nitrate of soda were applied to cotton at a decided profit either alone or in combination with acid phosphate The use of acid phosphate was usually profitable but the use of kainit was almost uniform ly unsatisfactory

To Rout the Flea

Fleas in outbuildings may be routed or killed by whitewashing the walls and drenching the floors with scalding hot soapsuds or by sprinkling the floors with strong kerosene emulsion Fowls may be driven from dog [illegible] animals by dressing [illegible] with [illegible] oil

HELLO, NELLY," SAID BILL

dressed on things as there'll be $100 left to put aside' Ain't it just splendid!"

The full extent of the freeze was learned gradually but by the end of the week it was generally known that old trees had been only slightly injured The Blair grove escaped with the loss of its leaves

The Wisdom of Youth

In the good old days when the child was seen not heard it was the younger generation which received instruction Nowadays adults are under high pressure in a strenuous attempt to live up to the intellectual requirements of youth

A personal intelligent woman was out in the woods with a little girl of about seven years Oh the lovely butterfly exclaimed the woman

Isn't it a beauty

Yes replied the small maid rather patronizingly But isn't it a moth

Mr Jephson one of Henry M Stanley's officers in Africa writes of his experiences with well informed chiefs in matters of finance and of the value of [illegible] in an African market

Frost

It is only a step by land for the United States Indian Ink will draw some ice from the sun in a bucket and I asked a bystander what he was doing it for

A small American lad of eight years was standing near Hearing my question he [illegible] said

Oh don't you know We are now in the gulf stream and that stoker was drawing water in order to take its temperature and write it down in the logbook

I immediately took a back seat ashamed that my ignorance should have been so apparent"

Just as Easy

How to Get a Position and How to Keep It is the title of a small book issued by a large publishing house and sold to the unemployed and others for 50 cents

That is cheap enough if the rules [illegible] told down will work like a patent churn with as purring and [illegible] of intelligence [illegible] will [illegible] get him [illegible] and starting wind [illegible] give the [illegible] seems [illegible] didn't have [illegible] the fool [illegible] he could [illegible] off the restaurant [illegible] in quantities [illegible] did it

Don't [illegible] ding the Mus [illegible] will my [illegible] the slim [illegible] [illegible] pursuit [illegible] [illegible] the can [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible]

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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated, its rooms are light and airy its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked

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W. [illegible]
TY [illegible] SPECHT
SMETHPORT PA

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Official Directory

[illegible]
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State Treasurer—John O Sheatz
Auditor General—Herbert R Yerkes
Secretary of Internal Affairs—Henry Hallock

DISTRICT AND [illegible]
Senator—[illegible]
Member of Congress—[illegible] Barclay
Members of Assembly—[illegible]
Sheriff—[illegible]
District Attorney—Geo W Wilcox Smethport
Treasurer—[illegible] Smethport
Commissioners—[illegible] Smethport
Auditors—[illegible]
Clerk of Courts—W H Morrison Smethport
County Treasurer—E P Isherwood, Bradford
Commissioners—Geo Grimm Kane, J A Peterson, Bradford, John P. Devlin Bradford
Commissioners Clerk—A. B Walker, Bradford
Surveyor—Wm Marsh Bradford
Jury Commissioners—[illegible]
Coroners—[illegible] Smethport
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom Smethport, C W. Freeman Smethport W J Oviatt, Frank Smethport
County Surveyor—[illegible]
County School Superintendent—Burdette S Boyle Kinzua Depot

BOROUGH
Burgess—[illegible]
Council—J L Loomis, president, H G Hold [illegible] Secretary, J W Wake, W. Workley, G H Dunning, I L Sherburne L F. Heath H H Snow
Justice—[illegible]
Constables—[illegible]
School Directors—D C Young, president, D Gallup, Secy, W F Specht, John B Eastman, J H Redfield, Jos Clark
Collector—[illegible]
Assessor—[illegible]
Auditors—J A Swan, [illegible] C B Corwin W R [illegible]
Burgess—[illegible] Ruhlin
Inspectors of Election—[illegible] E L Daly F M McKinstry

Lodge Directory.

F & A M—McKean Lodge, No 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7 30 o'clock p m at Masonic Hall, Main street
SANFORD L Fox W M
W [illegible] SPECHT, Secy

I O O F—Smethport Encampment No 273 meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I O O F Hall
J C CLENDENNEN Chief Patriarch
J A WANAMAKER, Scribe

G A R—McKean Post No 247 meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 1 p m in the Odd Fellows Hall
B E WRIGHT Com
E M CHOATE Adjutant

W R C—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I O O F Hall
MRS ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't
MRS ROSE PEIRCE, Secy

K O T M—Smethport Tent No 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7 30 o'clock I O O F Hall
W H MORRISON, Com
F R EASTMAN R K

I O O M—Brown Hive No 48 meets in I O O F Hall Friday afternoon
[illegible] CASEY, Com
BELLE EAGAN R K

W C T U—Meets 2 30 alternate Saturday at 3 p m in the M E Chapel
MRS P A BAKER Pres
MRS MARY P. RICHMOND, Secy

P H C—Smethport Branch No 29, meets on every Tuesday evening in I C O F Hall
C M COLLGROVE Pres
JENNIE FOREST ACHER Secretary

Phoenix Chapter No 15, O E S—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall
MRS MARIA CARTER W M
MRS ELLA MORRISON Secy

I O R M—Meets every Monday evening in I O O F Hall Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree 2nd Monday Chief's degree 3rd Monday
A A ARMEN
L K HOGARTH, C of R

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W A Harris pastor Class Meeting Sunday at 10 00 a m preaching at 10 30 a m Sunday school at 12 m Junior League at 3 p m Epworth League at 6 30 p m evening service at 7 30 p m General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p m

Episcopal—J Heber McCandless Rector Services every Sunday at 10 30 a m and 7 30 p m Additional service at 8 a m except on first Sunday of each month Sunday School at 12 m

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev J Heber McCandless Rector Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 3 p m.

St Elizabeth's Catholic church—J E Dolan pastor Services in Swedish Lutheran church—at 9 a m on first Sunday and at 10 30 a m on the next

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—T D Ware pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10 30 a m and 7 30 p m Sunday school at 12 m Junior Endeavor at 3 p m Senior Endeavor at 6 p m Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p m Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday afternoon of each month at 3 o'clock All are invited

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THAT SMASH ON THE JAW WAS LIKE HAVING AN ELEVATED HIT YOU.

TIBERIUS SMITH

His "Mill" with Chuck McBurr

By HUGH PENDEXTER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"We loafed about Godthaab for two weeks before I could prevail upon Tib to let the Arctic circle giants go by the board. Then we caught a Newfoundland whaler and beat across to Cape Gridley, where we were to look for any mail that might have been brought up by the last boat.

"Then came the frisk of wind that drove the tub well inside and made it imperative for us to tarry in that dread northland for yet another boat with fate, in which, incidentally, Tib was destined to collect all Billy O'Hara and Harlem Shasher records, and make the Butcher's Own, with his new scissors blow, look like an aged dame working doilies. For it was after we left the whaler in high disgust at Puvak, or the Smooth Rock trading-post, that Tib Cleaned up Chuck McBurr, the welter-weight champion of the Little Seal river and Hudson strait. A million-dollar baby boy was the gate receipts, and the winner was to take all.

"Now, you know, I had always hankered for the boxing game a bit, but Tib, because of his New England upbringing, had but little use for the sport, and always insisted an angry man in a righteous cause could make the average pug into oblivion. Yet, despite his aversion to professional bouts, he opened a new vista in flatte possibilities, and was the first man to introduce the sprocket-wheel smash to the shores of Unsava and the Strait. Dear, dear! what a mill it was, and neither of 'em wore the American flag or talked into phonographs!

"But let me hark back and not spoil the finale. The circus management had given Tib carte blanche to pick up whatever odds and ends he could in event of failure to snare a giant, and as a side issue he had brought along the faithful old picture machine that once made him president of Arcate. It was his intention to snap a series of pictures of the rough and rugged life, on the side, and profit by them when once embarked in business on his own book. This machine we had tenderly brought with us from Godthaab on the whaler. As soon as we reached the post, Finzer, the agent, gave us a 22-carat welcome, and when Tib set up his gallery in the long, low house and began squirting on the screen scenes from Central park and Palm Beach, our host could only wipe away pearly tears and moan: 'Man, man, never leave us.' This was a great game of Tib's. With that loyal apparatus he knew he could capture the affections and cooperation of any agent or factor on the circuit and obtain more favors than if he had paraded out a fat salary. It was to them what beads and tin cans are to aborigines, and more than once did we find the move paid for all bother and expense.

"And because he understood these men and had anticipated meeting them, he had walked his hostility to the bruising pastime and had trotted along three or four six-round goes between different celebrated Chickens and Gouger Boys. I thought the gang would go daffy with glee. They kept him working the films slowly, so they could dope out just how each lemon was donated. And the old boy, although the pictures had taught him all he knew of the sport, could so adapt himself to our host's humor as to rant learnedly on just how a telling jolt was delivered. When the screen got hazy he would illustrate on my person, and the spectators quickly decided he invented flat-cuffs.

"I confess I deplore its brutality," he concluded, apologetically, evading my admiring gaze. 'And yet candor compels me to insist that had the Wharf Rat led with his right he would have sent the Smasher to the fojes.'

"'Ah,' sighed Finzer, lamely sparring at his shadow, 'if one of the kids could only grub up against the Chuck McBurr outfit and chaster it.'

"This called for an explanation and our host described McBurr as a very unwholesome neighbor. It seems his long, lank frame contained the crossed blood of the Athabascan Injun and the worst fights of a white sea captain. Finzer said Chuck's grandpa was a New Bedford whaler when that port was wearing out the water with its many boats, and had lost his ship in Unsava in the early days. Half crazy, he had refused to return and face the owners, and had joined a tribe of vagrants on the Little Seal river instead, and ultimately took a wife. One thing the old fellow was strong on, and that was the art of self-defence. Sea captains in his day, of course, had to be ever ready to go to the mat with a loutinous sailor. Thus, because of his prowess, and the little Seal people's ignorance of the pummelling business, he soon came to be considered the only patent medicine on the coast.

"Naturally he taught his son the game, and so it was handed down to the present polyglot, who now bossed the tribe.

"'Taken all together, they are a bad combination, all right,' declared Finzer. 'Several of our boys who had stolen up there to find out where they mine the gold they sometimes bring here to swap for rum, tobacco and gunpowder have forgotten to return. Chuck's people are not at home now, but when they return I am going to collect a few of my men and run them out. Only last night my best hunter was telling me the missionary at Tuvuk had lost his one-year-old boy—been kidnaped, you know; and if Chuck McBurr wasn't in on the deal the youngster eloped by himself. Say, give us some more of those fights. They're great.'

"It was Finzer's chance remark about the gold flakes, mined by the tenants of the Little Seal, that set Tib to yearning to discover their lode. 'Now that this Chuck, or whatever they style him, has led his children up north, why not sneak over to that stream and do some prospecting,' he began; and I knew he would have his way. For two days I blood him off, but as Finzer repeated there was no danger, the territory being deserted, I finally capitulated, and we borrowed two men and a boat and ultimately knocked along the coast and landed at the mouth of the river. We ordered the men to drop anchor and await our return, and to send a posse after us if we failed to ring in after seven days.

"For the first day we hardly got out of sight of our boat, so intent was Tib examining every bit of ledge and rampering with every bowlder with his hammer. But we didn't find enough gold to fill a tooth. For the next two days we pressed inward rapidly, and one night, while making coffee on a little island, about as large as your hat, and reached by jumping from rock to rock, I made a big hit. The island was apparently the butt-end of a gold mine. In fact, it needed no geologist to see we'd made a happy haul. Almost every layer of ledge, facing up stream, that I jerked loose contained several scales of the lovely stuff. Tib said if we'd only follow the banks until we struck some falls we doubtless could scoop it out in hunks.

"'Oh, yes,' I lamented, as the circle narrowed and a galaxy of ugly squaws formed a menacing fringe on the outskirts. 'Chuck is away from home, all right, I'll gamble he's miles from here.'

"'Don't blame me, Billy,' remonstrated Tib. 'Maybe they're not so bad as the posters describe. Finzer swore they were absent. Anyway, they haven't hurt us yet.'

"Just then Chuck himself strode through the gang.

"Then in quaint English he asked what we wanted and why we wanted it. Tib artlessly said we were looking for gold, and at that the big misnomer snapped his teeth and gave an order to his squat followers. In a second we were flat on our mushy backs with our pockets turned inside out. When they struck our treasure-trove I thought they would succumb to unwholesome anger, while Chuck, dancing up and down, bellowed for us to tell where we had found color.

"Tib refused until we had come to some agreement as to our safety, whispering to me that if we could only dally with Father Time for two or three days the relief expedition would probably find us.

"'After we are dead,' reminded Tib, softly, 'you'll never know.'

"This struck the half-breed as being closely related to exact truth, and he reluctantly put up his toy and ordered some of his bubles to tote us into a hut. As we were shouldered along Tib stopped short and cried: 'Hark! Hear that, Billy? It's a child crying, and a white child, or I never managed a circus.'

Mr. Chuck growled something naughty and slapped the old chap's face, whereat Tib displayed seven different angry colors, and we were hustled away from the neighborhood of the plaintive wailing. 'The missionary's kid,' I reminded in a whisper.

"That night our ruddy host visited us again and tried to wrench the secret of the lost lode from our unwilling bosoms. 'If you don't tell I am to whip you each day with these,' he said, thrusting forward two cast-iron palms, each as large as a seal's flipper. Then he made a few savage passes near our respective heads as an intimation that when the blows fell they wouldn't be mistaken for thistle down. And we both observed that he was no novice with his dukes.

"'What class is he in, Billy?' inquired Tib, drowsily, as I tossed on my skins unable to close an eye. 'Think he must be in the ten-ton class. Think she's a fighter out of date, antique—rolling guard—I could and the old fellow was sound asleep.

"In the morning Chuck lounged in and point blank demanded me to tell where we had found the flakes. I had no sooner refused than I got a jolt that for causing constellations had a nutwinter's sky backed from the heavens. That agitated Tib, who sprang forward, only to be mowered beside me by a neat left hook. I was so angry I shed a few vain tears. There is something so extremely humiliating in a man's saucy fist.

"'No cutting,' she grinned, turning to go. 'Buts lots of times I do this with these,' and he admired his huge pads proudly.

"After he had left us, Tib collected his head together and tried to think. 'How was that solar-plexus blow given?' he suddenly asked.

"'Why,' I groaned, nursing my jaw, he simply uncoiled his arm and thumped me.'

"'No, no,' said Tib pettishly, 'I mean in the picture we were showing

Chief Chuck McBurr Was Still Clinging to the Ropes.

Finzer, where the man with a head like a bean knocked out a tall, angular shrimp.'

"I explained listlessly, and was annoyed when he began going through with some physical-culture stunts. 'It's so different,' he observed, ducking nimbly and sparring at the center pole. 'Ah, would you!' Ke-thump! 'When I was young it was a simple rushing, clinching pastime, with only the ear and eyebrow bold barred. And what was that hook the man with the freckled legs operated so neatly in *folio number six?*'

"'I'm dead sick of this fighting business,' I snarled, as my jaw gave a jump. 'Ain't you got enough?'

"'Never, my child,' he cried, softly but firmly. 'Watch me.'

"And hang me, sir, but if he didn't walk to the exit and begain calling Mr. McBurr a variety of undignified names in the trappers' patois.

"The heathens speedily gathered around, awed by his hardihood, and two squaws began chanting his requiem. Of course the harangue soon brought Chief Chuck on the center, and he was about to lave his hands in Tib's blood when the old sport called on him to tarry in his immediate footsteps and listen. Tib's proposal was simply this: He would fight the Seal river champion, Marquis of Queensbury rules governing, and stake his gold mine secret against the little kid.

"Chuck gazed at his round face and bruised jaw in open amazement, and then a look of admiration crept into his little black eyes. And it seemed to me as if he were pitying Tib in his savage fashion. 'It shall be so!' he cried, in his deep voice, that his grandsire's blood could not rob of its rumbling, chesty intonation.

"'This is to be on the square?' insisted Tib.

"Chuck reminded him he would still retain the secret if cheated. Then he grew serious and faced his followers, and swore by their Shaman that the mill was not to be a double-cross. I could see he was crazy for a go, and realized he had probably had but little chance to practice.

"Tib touched his jaw and shook his head, and said he would enter the ring on the morrow. While the chief was disappointed, he immediately sent in some stew for us to eat and some oil to rub Tib's bruises. You see, he didn't want the fracas to be too easy. He wanted to cherish and foster his opponent so as to have it interesting. Meanwhile we went to work. Tib had a gilt-edged memory and easily recalled all the blows so faithfully reproduced and diagnosed by our machine before Finzer and his men. I tried to make him let me take his place, for he was old enough to be my father, but he reminded me of my 2-cent condition—lung trouble, you know—and I had to admit one good punch in the chest would lay me away to get dusty. Then I stood on a bale of furs and played I was the gut-brown champion, so that he could get used to the chief's height, while he hopped about like a rubber ball and did some fearful contortions. While I didn't believe he could ever lick Chuck, I hoped he would scare him to death by his maneuvers. 'He won't make my weight,' he declared, 'but if I've any friends tell 'em to place their money on me, for I'll mince that baby.'

"That night I rubbed him in oil, and he went to sleep early. Chuck kept the gang quiet outside our dormitory, and we were not disturbed until late next morning. When we stepped out into the sunlight the scenery impressed me as being out of joint. For in the midst of the Seal river's scant, old stage scythus was a roped arena that looked much like a parcel of the Bowery. And about it was a sea of flat faces, all oying with admiration the lanky build of Chief Chuck. And he, despite the keen air, had been prompted by some New Bedford corpuscle to strip to the waist quite in the approved pug style. Near our corner stood an old hag holding a blue-eyed, white-haired, splendid boy wrapped in furs. Tang-ah! His hair and eyes showed me at once he was the missionary's kid.

"'I'll teach him to accept my challenge,' muttered Tib, throwing off his coat, rolling up his shirt sleeves, and yanking his belt up another notch with a real professional air. 'Why don't he go and get a reputation before meeting the Green Mountain Cannon Ball?'

"And I stepped into the corner and called the names of the fighters, and the crowd grunted in anticipation of much pleasure. 'Time!' I yelled, my throat getting a bit choky, as I perked up the head of Tib's little hammer, which some elf had broken in driving the stakes. Mr. McBurr, welter-weight champion of the Little Seal, Mr. T. Smith, the Vermont Passion Flower, who has licked everything on two legs, no matter how old, between the triple of Capricorn and Pittsburg. Ready for the first go.'

"This spiel struck Chuck as being good, and he grinned appreciatively, while Tib bowed gravely and lifted up his right arm.

"'Time!'

"And, say, sir, if you could have seen those two midgets mince towards each other on their toes. Tib walking with a catty, hunching step he'd copied from the moving-pictures, you would have felt a thrill of joy.

"'Tib good rights he ought to cut a foot off each arm,' observed my man, as he ruefully eyed the other's enormous reach, nicely demonstrated when he advanced his mammoth paw and coyly concealed Tib's dimpled palm from view.

"Then in a second they sprang apart, and the big fellow fainted for the heart and snapped a dirty left at Tib's brow. Tib dodged, but the brawny knuckles barked his right eye in passing, and the crowd jeered and rocked back and forth in delight. Well, sir, the smack of that blow cut me to the heart. I simply couldn't bear to see the dear old boy cuffed.

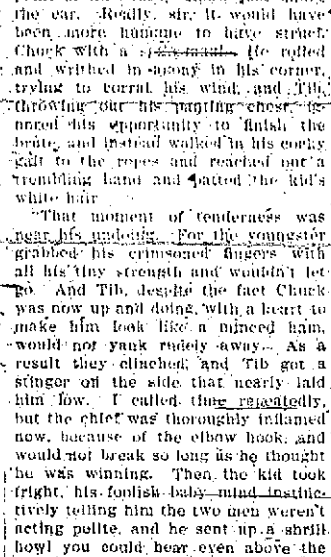
"'Kick him, Tib,' I groaned, my eyes watering anger.

"'Ashamed of you,' he mumbled, avoiding a rush and ducking to the ropes. 'This seems on the square, and I won't lose the babe by fouling.' And he nearly lost his block by pausing to kiss his bleeding digits to the kid. The blow was a left hook and jarred him badly, sir, but after he had caught the kid's eye and made him chuckle and crow and try to jump from the old hag's arms, he seemed to gather new cunning, and for the rest of the round managed to escape serious damage.

"'Rush in,' I begged, as he sat in the corner and I rubbed some oil on his knobby forehead. 'Infighting, number five pictures, remember,' I whispered.

"He winked his uninjured eye slyly, tossed another kiss to the kid, and I called for round two. Champion Chuck had been walking back and forth before his admirers, showing how hardy he was by delivering stamping-mill blows on his chest. The minute Tib stepped to meet him the champ's long steel arm shot out like a trip hammer; but, dear, dear! the way Tib bobbed under and around it and sank a pudgy fist into Chuck's cruel face, and followed it up with a two-ton blow over the heart, simply swept 'em off their feet, sir. The old hags began to yowl, and the men threw up their hands to the totem poles beseechingly and asked of their gods why this was thus, and Chuck went to the ropes.

"Oh, no, he wasn't tinged with venom when he got up and came gliding towards Rutland's Pride with long, catlike steps! You see, he saw his laurels would wither if he suffered many more jolts like that, even if he ultimately won out by sheer strength. His game was to finish Tib easily and gracefully, and when I yelled, 'Hurrah for the Green Mountain Tease!' and Tib made a little deprecatory bow and



An Ensemble of the Most Villainous *Apologies for Biped*s.

smiled on the gurgling, crowing gate receipts, he adopted a crouching style and got Tib over the left eye and below the belt before I could sound the gong.

"The last drive hurt my man like sin, and I was mad clean through at such rank play. By rights he had lost the bout by fouling. Waltzing over to him I told him to eliminate that kind of dirty work or I'd give the decision to his opponent, but he grinned sardonically and, spitting out a tooth, made a playful lunge at my chin.

"'Look out, old chap!' I warned, scuttling back to my panting mauler. 'He's so mad he'll do all kinds of crooked work to down you.'

"'Guess it was an accident,' rasped Tib, rubbing the pit of his stomach. 'What was that hook the Spider used?'

"I told him, and the third round opened with my patron receiving a present on the side of his jaw that quickly rustled up to the size of a South African diamond, but in the rush that followed he worked the hook, and the funny part of it was he thought it was on the level. He had ducked under Chuck's crouching guard, and had sent a raking right from jaw to ear, and then, in some outlandish way I never understood, he gave the Seal river bulldobber the point of his sturdy elbow just under the ear. Really, sir, it would have been more humane to have struck Chuck with a [illegible]. He rolled and writhed in agony in his corner, trying to corral his wind, and Tib, throwing out his panting chest, ignored his opportunity to finish the brute, and instead walked in his cocky gait to the ropes and reached out a trembling hand and patted the kid's white hair.

"That moment of tenderness was near his undoing. For the youngster grabbed his crimsoned fingers with all his tiny strength and wouldn't let go. And Tib, despite the fact Chuck was now up and doing, with a heart to make him look like a minced ham, would not yank rudely away. As a result they clinched, and Tib got a stinger on the side that nearly laid him low. I called time repeatedly, but the chief was thoroughly inflamed now, because of the elbow hook, and would not break so long as he thought he was winning. Then the kid took fright, his foolish baby mind instinctively telling him the two men weren't acting polite, and he sent up a shrill howl you could hear even above the guttural clamor of the on-lookers.

"When Tib heard this quivering pipe he struggled like a madman, and gave Chuck the edge of his hand on the bridge of his nose. It was one of those rasping, irritating moves that bring tears, and the double-crosser had to back up.

"'I'm almost too old for this game,' growled Tib, his breath coming in sobs. 'And that rogue acts more unwholesome every round. But wait, I'll teach him who's holding big casino.'

"In the next six rounds he uppercut his man twice, laying open both fat lips, and then smashed in one between the eyes that you could have heard reecho over in Greenland. The chief let out a bellow and began fighting like an octopus, kicking, biting, and scratching, with Tib doing nothing but trying to keep clear.

"'Break away!' I yelled, trying to dive between them with out-stretched arms, quite like Spike McDougall in the pictures. But it was nearly two minutes before I could get them apart.

"'He'll never fight square again,' lamented Tib, tenderly feeling eight inches from his head in an effort to locate his ear. My heart sank as I counted his bruises, and I could have wept for the jolts he had received. Then my hand hit against the small hammer-head in my side pocket, and, inspired, I whispered, passing it over with wizard skill: 'Nail him. It just fits the grasp.'

"I hate to be so low and ornery even in this kind of a mill,' he remonstrated, palming it with all his old-time, parlor-magic grace.

"'Remember the tow-head,' I urged.

"'Gimme it,' he growled, forgetting he had already made it disappear.

"Chief Chuck now lunged forward, not waiting for the word. His eyes were bloodshot and soapsuds flecked his mouth. I could see he had discarded all frills and fancies and meant just plain, ugly business. In a second they were a revolving wheel of legs and arms.

"'Soak him!' I howled, dancing up and down, and suddenly the bunch flew into two pieces, and each piece loudly quieted down and resolved itself into a man. Tib was the man standing.

"'I feel kind of cheap,' he grinned, feebly.

"But, dear, dear! if you only could have seen Chuck! He sat perfectly quiet, gazing abstractly at a tree, only moving to cautiously place his hand on his jaw. And the astonished crowd saw the swathy flesh puff out to the size of an orange. You see, sir, Tib had been unable to really injure his iron frame and bullet head heretofore. He had made him smart, had pestered him, but he hadn't really weakened him any. That smash on the jaw with the hammer-head was like having the elevated hit you. And the mob, always having believed him invincible, couldn't understand it.

"When he staggered to his feet he lurched to Tib with open hands, and sorrowfully and carefully examined the death dealing knuckles. Then he shook his head gingerly and croaked: 'Big medicine. White man's Shaman is great spirit.'

"'I'm a Methodist, said Tib, grimly, keeping this brass knuckle from all human ken.

"'Methodist big medicine,' repeated Chuck simply, walking back to his corner with a slightly swollen, erratic gait. 'Dam big medicine.'

"One of his henchmen speedily brought him a case bottle of cheap gin, and after swallowing the greater portion of this he began to change his mind a bit and protest that the Seal Shaman overstepped any Methodist by several yards. And cracking his heels together to show he was still in fine fettle, he rushed to drag Tib from his corner. It was at this critical joint, sir, that Tib delivered his famous sprocket-wheel swing—the blow that lamed his shoulder for a year.

"For, just as Chuck sank almost to one knee in letting drive his showy left, Tib sprang two feet into the air and, swung his terrible hurtling right in a complete circle, and brought it down, palm outward, squarely on top of the astonished, barbarous slugger's thick-thatched cranium, not once, but thrice. The hammer-head projected from the fist for an inch. Chuck simply rolled over on his side with one deep groan, and his children howled in horror.

"'One, two, three,' panted Tib, standing over his foe and accompanying each count-out numeral with a trenchant sweep of his fat forefinger.

"'O wow! ow!' groaned the heathens.

"'Four, five,' continued Tib, firmly.

"'O wow! owee! Shaman! O-u-g-h!' wailed the flat-faced audience, praying in vain to their rotten gods.

"'Da, da, da,' gurgled the baby, as its custodian rolled it into the ring so as to gain freedom of motion to beat her head against the hideously carved wooden pillars.

"'Six, seven,' added Tib, remorselessly, stooping quickly and picking up the crowing pursuit.

"'Faster, faster!' Give him the count in a rush!' I screamed, entirely losing my head.

"'Eight, nine,' the old chap called, now counting more slowly in rebuke to me, thus giving the prostrate chief a fair chance to rally.

"And the tribe, thinking he was pumping more evil-spring tonic into its leader, began supplicating him with a medley of sounds to quit his magic.

"'Ten—and out!' cried Tib, hugging the baby elegy.

"'Down and out! Hooray!' I yelled, cutting an intricate pigeon wing much to the kid's fellctation.

"'Out?' grinned Mr. McBurr, thickly, staggering to his feet. 'Say, white man, what did it?' What brought the darkness?' And in awe and with something akin to reverence he lightly stroked the cluster of horns on the top of his head. For the trio of blows had caused as many little mountain peaks to push up the coarse, black hair.

"'Big medicine,' replied Tib, setting the baby on his tired shoulder and jumping over the ropes.

"The spectators instinctively started to stop us, but Chuck, being a square sport, once the battle had been fought, hung dizzily to the ropes and with bowing head waved them back. 'Let them all go. Methodist! Big medicine!' he muttered.

"'Owee! owee!' coughed the tribe.

"And with the tot in his arms my patron led the way down the Little Seal until we found the men and the boat. I looked back once and saw that Chief Chuck McBurr was still clinging to the ropes of the ring, while his children seemed intent on packing up and moving away. Maybe they were deserting a leader whose medicine was so weak, but it was almost pathetic to see the big man lingering on the scene of his downfall.

"And although we never went back for the gold, and although that was the only time Tib ever shied his castor into a ring, he always regrets he had to use the hammer-head, until I reminded him of the boy baby, kicking up his heels in his father's home in Tuvak.

Subscribe for the MINER

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

BEES LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

CONFORMS TO NATIONAL PURE FOOD AND DRUGS LAW.

An improvement over many Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies, because it rids the system of a cold by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. No opiates. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Prepared by PINEULE MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

For sale by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

JANUARY
CLEARANCE SALE!

Our Semi-Annual Clearance Sale

Begins SATURDAY, Jan. 16, and Ends SATURDAY, Jan. 30.

Each season, before inventory, we close out the remnants and open stock of winter goods at a great reduction from regular prices to make room for Spring Goods. The goods we offer are regular stock in our store and not a cheap lot of goods shipped in for this sale. Every article advertised on this sheet is in stock now and can be seen and examined at any time. Every article is the product of a reliable manufacturer, not the odds and ends of a bankrupt sale as are so often offered in place of regular goods.

We have used this Clearance Sale idea for a number of years and find it a satisfactory method of disposing of winter stock at prices that are much in favor of the purchasers and those attending our sales are always amply repaid for their visit. We are not giving goods away for they, being bought from reliable houses, have to be paid for, and consequently we must sell goods, not give them away. We are selling good staple merchandise---not trash. We will not have a high salaried auctioneer or sales manager for this sale and get you to pay his salary added to the price of your goods.

This is a Clearance Sale. Prices are reduced, not advanced. And ONE PRICE TO ALL. No exceptions.

PLEASE REMEMBER---That the prices quoted below are for cash and no goods will be charged.

Ladies' Underwear and Hosiery.

Outing Gowns, 1.25 kind, at	$ .83
1 lot ladies' pants, 1.00, sizes 4, 5, 6, 7, special price	.75
1 lot ladies' Onita Union Suits, were 1.50 and 2.00, at	.98
1 lot ladies' Fleeced Shirts and Pants, 50 cent quality	.39
1 lot assorted sizes in ladies' small sizes and odd sizes in children's (on the 19c table) at	.19
50c Wool Hose, black, at	.39
25c Wool Hose, black, at	.19
25c Fleeced Hose	.19
15c Fleeced Hose	.11
Ladies' Munsing Union Suits and Separate Garments at	¼ off

Carpets and Rugs.

1 only, Kolax Rug 9x12, was 25.00, at	$19.50
3 only, Best Axminster, 9x12, at	20.00
3 All Wool Art Squares, 9x12	7.75
1 Sherwin, 9x12, was 13.50, at	10.00
All small rugs at reduction of ¼ or more	
1 3-12 Hall Runner, was 15.00, at	9.00
1 roll 27 in. Velvet Carpet, worth 1.40, per yd	1.00
3 rolls Ingrain, selling at 59c yd., clearing price per yard	.47
1 roll Pro Brussels, good pattern, per yd	.65
2 rolls All Wool Ingrain, 80c value, per yd	.65
All small pieces, 4 to 10 yds., per yd	.30 to .50
2 rolls Granite Carpeting, 33c quality, per yd.	.25
75 Carpet Samples, 1½ yds. long, make excellent rugs, are each	.50 to 1.90
Remnants of Matting at one-half price.	

Shirt Waists.

Black Lawn and Sateen Waists, were 1.25	$ .79
1 lot ladies' Waists	1.19
5.50 and 6.00 Waists	3.75
1 lot ladies' Waists, Net and all-over Lace, at	2.50
6.50 and 7.00 Waists	4.75

Men's Wear.

Men's Outing Gowns, 1.25 value, at	$ .98
Men's Outing Gowns, 1.00 value, at	.79
Men's Muslin Gowns, 1.00 value, at	.50
Men's All Wool Shirts, 2.00 values, Riches & Blackman's, blues, greys, tans, each	1.50
Men's and Boys' High Neck Sweaters, sizes 24 to 40, at	.39
Men's Grey High Neck Sweaters, 1.75 and 2.00 quality, at	.98
Munsing Union Suits, wool and fleeced cotton, all sizes, (best wearing garment on the market)	¼ off
Special clearance of men's and boys' Winter Caps, 50c to 1.00 values, at	.33
1 lot men's Half Hose, mostly 25c fancy, at per pair	.13
1 lot men's Sweaters, mostly white, 2.25 and 3.50, extra value, at	1.48
Boys' Sweaters worth 1.25 and 1.50, at	.79
Men's Half Hose, assorted lot, black and tan, at per pair	.10
50c Suspenders	.38
25c Suspenders	.19

Embroidery and Laces.

1 lot Embroidery 10c to 14c, at per yd	$ .08
1 lot Embroidery 15c to 22c, at per yd	.11
Lace, special for the sale, Lot No. 1, 3c; No. 2, 5c; No. 3, 10c; No. 4, 15c per yd.	

Coat and Suit Department.

In this department we offer better values than ever before. With a good line of Garments to choose from, every one a stylish garment from the most reliable coat houses in America. Prices will convince you that we are right.

Children's line has been marked to close the entire stock at prices regardless of cost, divided into lots as below:

$1.00 $1.75 $2.50 $3.75 $5.00

If in need of Children's Coats this will interest you.

FURS AT HALF PRICE—

A nice assortment of popular furs at practically your own price.

LADIES' COATS—

Black Caracule Coats, sizes 34 and 36 were $45, $40, $35 at			$17.00
" $22, $21			11.50
6 Black Jackets, satin linings, sizes 36, 38, 40, were $12.50 to 15.50, Clearance sale			8.50
1 Black Box Coat, size 40, value 25.00 at			15.00
1 Heavy Blue Storm Coat, size 36			13.00
1 " " " " Misses, 15, was 9.00			6.00
3 Yankee Printzess Black, sizes 36, 38, 40, were 12.50			8.50
10 of our $25.00 special Black Coats, size 36 to 42			17.50
4 Directoire Coats, Napoleon collar, sizes 36, 38, 40 46, were 19.00			12.50
1 Green Directoire	" 36	" 27.50	15.50
1 Empire Coat, black	" 36	" 24.00	9.50
1 Gray Checked Fitted Coat	" 36	" 27.50	10.50
1 Black Fitted Coat	" 36	" 18.00	8.00
1 Cravenet Rain Coat	" 36	" 22.50	12.00
1 " " "	" 36	" 18.50	12.00
1 Black " "	" 36	" 19.00	12.50
1 Gray thin " "	" 36	" 16.00	7.50
1 Gray Suit	" 34	" 15.00	5.00
1 Black Fine Serge	" 36	" 22.50	12.50
1 Brown 7-8 length sleeve	" 36	" 22.50	12.50
3 Suit, Red, Blue and Brown, sizes 32, 34, 36, were special at		17.50	12.50
1 Dark Red fancy striped Suit, size 34		was 18.00	12.50
2 Suits, Dark Gray, size 36; Brown, size 34,		were 20.00	14.50
1 Black Suit, size 36			12.50
1 Brown Fancy Serge Suit, size 34			14.50
1 " Embroidered Coat		was 40.00	22.00
2 Brown, 1 Red Coats, size 36		" 25.00	12.50
1 Black, 34 size		" 22.00	11.50
12 Skirts, value $5.00 to 7.00 at			3.75
7 Skirts, value $8.50 to 10.50 at			5.00
2 Black Voile Skirts, value $12.50			9.00
1 " " " " 15.00			11.00

Domestics.

Apron Gingham, per yard	$ .05
9-4 Bleached Sheeting, per yd	1.20
81-90 Bleached Sheets, each	.12
45 in. Pillow Cases, each	.10
Outing Flannels, A.L.L., per yd	.08
Dress Gingham, 12½ to 15c, at	.10
Unbleached Muslin, 36 in. wide, per yd	.05
All Linen Toweling, brown, per yd	.06
All Linen Toweling, half bleached, per yd	.08

Notions,

and Small Things that You Always Need, and at Savings that Tell.

10c White Cottage Rods complete	$ .05
10c Toilet Paper	.06
12½c Stair Pads	.09
10c Canvas Glove	.06
15c Canvas Gauntlet Gloves	.10
10c men's Cotton Work Hose	.06
10c paper and envelopes, per box	.06
5c ladies' white handkerchiefs	.03
Men's Red Handkerchiefs	.05
Pearl Buttons, 1 doz. on card	.02
24 in. Suit Case, 1.25 kind, at	.98
W. B. Corsets, 1.00 kind, at	.75
W. B. Corsets, 1.50 kind, at	1.00
Some odd sizes, 1.00 kind	.50
Rubber Door Mats, each	.69
Small roll Cotton Batting	.05
12½c kind Cotton Batting	.10
18 and 20c kind Cotton Batting	.15
Boys' Hose that were 15c, double knee, per pr	.09

Dress Goods and Silks.

Any purchase of Dress Goods or Silk will be less 20 per cent. or	1-5 off

Leather Hand Bags.

The Complete Line	1-3 off

Shoes and Rubbers.

Ladies' Low Rubbers, sale per pair	$ .30
Ladies' Storm Rubbers, sale per pair	.55
Men's Rubbers, sale per pair	.69
1 lot ladies Shoes, most all sizes, at	1.00
All other Shoes less	10 per cent.
Special offerings each day in Shoe department—of odd lots and odd sizes.	
Boys' Canvas Leggins	.50
Children's Leather and Corduroy Leggins, were 1.00 and 1.25	.75

Lace Curtains.

Entire stock of 30 patterns, straight discount ..... 25 per cent.

Some soiled Curtains used for display, ½ off regular price.

Pillows, Comforts, Blankets.

10 pairs Pillows, 2½ lb., at per pair	$ 1.55
5 pairs Pillows, were 3.25, at per pair	2.50

A few pair of Cotton Blankets at reduction, only a few left.

Wool Blankets at ⅓ off regular price.

"MAISH" COMFORTS.

This special line we will offer for the first time at less than advertised prices. Every one guaranteed perfect by the manufacturers.

Prices from 1.00 to 4.00.

Clearing sale .75 to 3.00.

McCall's Patterns for sale here, 10c & 15c, none higher. McCall's Magazine, 5c the copy, 50c the year. A free pattern with each yearly subscription left here.

THE LINDHOLM CO. SMETHPORT, PA.